

THE ECLECTIC REVIEW,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1814.

Art. I. 1. *The Predestined Thief*; or, A Dialogue between a Calvinistic Preacher, and a Thief condemned to the Gallows: in which is represented, in a Copy drawn, as it were, from the Life, the Influence of Calvinistic Principles in producing Crimes and Impieties of every Sort, and the Impediments placed by those Principles in the Way of the Sinner's Repentance, and Amendment of Life. (With an Application to the recent Case of Robert Kendall, who was executed at Northampton, August 13th, 1813.) Translated from the original Latin; published, London, 1651, pp. 65. price 3s. Rivingtons.

2. "*A Brand plucked out of the Fire!*" or, A Brief Account of Robert Kendall. (Including a Narrative written by Himself.) By W. P. Davies.

THE Rev. Edward Griffin, curate of St. Nicholas's, Nottingham, is, we understand, the person who has furnished the above translation of Archbishop Sancroft's "*Fur Predestinatus*." Its publication appears to have been occasioned by the "*Brief Account*," on which Mr. Griffin had already published "*Strictures*." We regret that *any circumstances* should have led to the revival, and enlarged circulation, of a work of this nature. We presume not to censure the motives of the Editor in drawing forth this performance from its obscurity; but the book itself we must mark with our disapprobation. Its contents are exceedingly offensive; destitute of every beneficial tendency; but calculated, we fear, to strengthen old prejudices, and to create new ones, against religious doctrines, in the support of which not Calvinists only, but Christians of different denominations, are agreed. Nor do we think that a work of this kind is exactly the sort of performance which should come from the pen of a clergyman, who, in contending for religious interests, ought

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to exhibit a temper, and to proceed in a manner different from what appear in the pamphlet before us.

The indiscretions and the extravagances which have excited the Editor's displeasure, and which he wishes to expose, require an antidote which the "Predestined Thief" is far from supplying; nor will their effects be prevented by the means which he has adopted to counteract them. Invective and ridicule are not the auxiliaries of Truth in her warfare with Ignorance, Superstition, and Enthusiasm. Wit may, indeed, in some cases, be successfully applied in attempting to cure the mind of its follies; but we are much mistaken if religious delusions be ever radically healed by its prescriptions, or its discipline.

The design of the 'Dialogue' is sufficiently declared in the title, and in the following words of the Preface: 'It is published,' the *Author* remarks, 'that it may appear clear as the mid-day sun, that both the doctrines, and the teachers and promulgators of them, should be shunned and avoided no less than the Infernal lake!' The method which is here adopted of displaying the principles of Calvinism, is, to select from the writings of more than thirty foreign Divines of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, short detached passages, and to put the sentiments which they contain, into the mouth of a vile, hypocritical wretch, who had 'lived jovially with strumpets and rogues,' and 'committed many burglaries,' awaiting a speedy execution, in vindication of his enormities, and as the ground of the most daring presumption! The sentiments themselves are, in part, harsh and intolerable; and the use which is made of them is abominable. These we shall neither detail, nor examine. We must, however, observe, that there can be no propriety in the republication of the Dialogue, but on the supposition that the Calvinism which it opposes, is the Calvinism of our times. Will the Editor, whom, as to the object of the pamphlet, we must identify with its Author, then, affirm, that modern Calvinistic writers and preachers maintain and inculcate the principles which it imbodyes? Will he engage to put us in the possession of the names of Calvinistic ministers, our contemporaries, who believe and teach 'that God would not have that done which his open will enjoins upon men to perform?' page 80;—that 'some of the infants of believing parents, dying in infancy, are damned?'—and that 'God snatches the harmless babes from the breasts of their mothers, and precipitates them into eternal death?' p. 41. We calmly inquire, *by whom* are the propositions here set down, received as articles of their faith? These, and many other sentiments contained in the Dialogue, Calvinists disown and detest. We are, therefore, disposed to expostulate with the Translator on the injurious tendency of his labours in identifying the entire principles of this

pamphlet with modern Calvinism ; and in blending with the objects of just censure, religious sentiments founded on Divine authority, and exhibited in the formularies of his own Church. Such are the doctrines of human depravity, and of salvation by Divine grace.

We shall, we trust, be found, in the course of our present review, discharging, with strict impartiality, the duty which we owe to the public, and to the interests of religion. It becomes not us, as the guardians of Christian truth and of Christian morals, to know any man after the flesh. We connect our services with an award which leaves us nothing to fear from apportioning just censure, nor any thing to hope from mis-directed commendation, that we should deviate from truth in our statements, or from integrity in the declaration of our opinions.

The reputed Translator of the Dialogue, is an officiating minister of the Established Church, to the Articles of which 'that very hand of his has subscribed as being true,' p. 22. How, then, can he allow himself to sport with the doctrines which they contain, and to give fresh publicity to the production of a dignitary of the same Church, in which they are represented as destructive of all virtue? The same sentiments are, in some instances, common to the Articles and to the Dialogue. The Dialogue says, p. 21, 'You cannot be accepted or regarded of God for any of your works:' and the Articles say, 'We are accounted righteous before God *only* for the merit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, by faith, and *not for our own works or deservings.*' Art. II. The Dialogue says, 'Faith alone is necessary to our justification,' p. 25 ; and the Articles say, 'We are justified by faith *only,*' Art. II. Had the Author, and the Translator, of this Dialogue forgotten, in the ardour of their zeal against Calvinism, that in the Articles which they subscribed, the following expressions occur, of precisely the same import with passages in the Dialogue which are said to be of most pernicious tendency? 'Man is of his own nature inclined to evil.' Art. IX. 'Man cannot turn and prepare himself, by his own natural strength and good works, to faith, and calling upon God.' Art. X. If the language of the authors quoted in the Dialogue, be literally and rigidly construed, so must the language of the Articles be. What, then, has the Editor to say for himself, in subscribing solemnly to doctrines which he represents as leading to 'abominable crimes?' A man must make strange work with either the Articles, or his conscience, before he can declare that the tenets of 'moral inability,' and of 'salvation by faith,' are no part of them. The doctrine of Predestination runs through the Dialogue ; and be it a true doctrine, or a false doctrine, it is unquestionably the doctrine of

the 17th Article, which treats expressly of 'Predestination to life.' No philological dexterity, no reasoning, no sophistry, can give to that Article any other sense than that which is understood in the Calvinistic use of its leading term. It affirms the doctrine of 'Predestination' to be 'full of sweet, pleasant, and unspeakable comfort to godly persons ;' but perilous in its improper contemplation by 'curious and carnal persons.' Declamations against 'Calvinistic Election' come with an ill-grace from persons who have professed solemnly and from the heart, that they believe in the doctrines of the Thirty-nine Articles. Till they can succeed in expunging the 17th Article, and in forming the whole anew, we would advise them to be silent on the subject of Calvinism, and especially to cease from violent invective against its principles as 'producing crimes and impieties of every sort.' Should we, who believe in the Calvinism of the Church of England, be doing justly, if we represented her formularies as of vicious tendency? We are persuaded that the compilers of them did not intend, by any definitions which they include, to relax the obligations of morals. The case is the same in other religious communities, and as it respects the authors of their acknowledged formularies. They have stated in them the doctrines which they conceived are taught in the Scriptures ; and they have also comprised in their summaries the moral duties of Christian men. We are neither advocating the cause of religious creeds, nor vindicating Calvinistic confessions of faith. The *tendency*, not the truth of Calvinistic principles, is the subject of our consideration ; and we are convinced that an appeal to facts will satisfactorily refute the charges conveyed against them in this publication. Calvinism can reckon among its professors men not inferior to any, in powerful intellect, in sound learning, in genuine piety, and in correct deportment. The late Rev. Joseph Milner, the late Rev. Thomas Robinson, and the late Dr. Edward Williams, were Calvinistic teachers, the first two in the Established Church, the last among Dissenters. In what respects were they inferior to the ministers of a different creed? Did their peculiar sentiments render them indifferent to the interests of holiness? Was the standard by which they measured their moral duties low? God is witness, and we also are witnesses how holily, and justly, and unblamably they behaved themselves. Far from placing 'obstacles in the way of the sinner's repentance and amendment of life,' their ministry was the means of turning many to righteousness. We should indeed be glad if, on inquiry, we should find that the ministry of the many declaimers against Calvinism, was equally successful in turning sinners from the error of their ways. The works by which they, being dead, yet speak, and numerous survivors in the societies over which they once

presided, can testify that the doctrine which they preached was "according to godliness." Are these men, then, and others of the same description to be represented as the moral nuisances and plagues of the world? Are they to be shunned and avoided no less than the infernal lake? We foresee a day in which many will wish to be of their company; when the principles by which they were governed, will receive the approbation of heaven; when they will shine as the stars for ever and ever.

We fully admit that in the works of some reputed Calvinists, unauthorized forms of expression occur; and that from their writings, unguarded and objectionable sentiments may be selected. But who will venture to assert that the tendency of their writings in general, is, to encourage vice and to depress virtue? that the writings of Calvin, for example, give encouragement to sin? If the accusations of this pamphlet be true, then, where vice most prevails, Calvinism may be expected most to flourish. What, then, are the principles of those persons who frequent the gaming house, the tavern, and the brothel? Are they attendants on a Calvinistic ministry? Have they been nursed and cradled in Calvinism? What is the profession of those other agents in sin who crowd the prisons and the hulks, and terminate their lives on the scaffold? Is it Calvinistic? Was Calvinism the evil genius which led them on in their career of crimes? and are the thefts, the robberies, and the murders, which they have committed, the consequence of their initiation into the tenets of Gomarus and Peter Martyr? or of their proficiency in the volumes of Bogardus and Donteclock? of Sturmius and Triglandius? Of how many believers in Calvinism are the names to be found in the records of the Old Bailey? Is New South Wales a colony of Calvinists? Who knows not that ignorance, that the want, not the excess, of religious knowledge, and the absence of all principle, are the sources of crime? With equal propriety may the impieties and the miseries of criminals be attributed to their acquaintance with Euclid's Elements, or Aristotle's Ethics, as to their knowledge of Calvin's Institutes, or of the tenets which that work is intended to vindicate.

Calvinists will not shrink from fair examination into their conduct, as the mode of determining the tendency of their principles. They propose the criterion which Christ himself has established for the trial of the spirits, "By their fruits ye shall know them," as the measure of their character; and they only desire that a just report be made of the teaching of their ministers, and of the moral state of their congregations. They rest assured that the result of investigation into their practice, will place them, in point of sobriety, justice, and decorum, on ground not inferior to that which any other class of religionists may occupy. Obedience to the will of God is as much a prin-

ciple of Calvinism as any other branch of the system ; it includes too the doctrine of repentance ; and asserts the moral agency of man, as well as the sovereignty of God. If this last article is considered by Calvinists as a prominent feature of their creed, it is because they conceive it to be the only final cause to which the happiness of such as are saved can be attributed. But they never represent salvation as attainable apart from holiness, the nature of which they are careful to describe, and the necessity of which they fail not to inculcate. Not satisfying themselves with the illustration of any particular virtues, to the exclusion of others, they enforce practical regard to every Christian precept in its connexion with the heart, and in its relation to all the diversity of human condition. Hence they are not unfrequently charged with unnecessary precision in the directions which they give for the conduct of life ; and are accused of imposing excessive restrictions on the appetites and passions of men. The same principles which, at one time, are described as of vicious tendency, are, at another, when the occasion may require, complained of as making men " righteous over much."

If the tendency of particular doctrines is to be determined by the character and conduct of those who teach, and of those who receive them, professed Calvinists may rest in peace while their calumniators are employed in searching for evidence to support their accusations. The Editor of the *Dialogue*, we will venture to assert, does not believe that Calvinistic societies contain a larger proportion of the unholy than other congregations. We beg to remind him that, at no very remote period, the doctrines of Calvinism were very generally preached by the Scotch Clergy ; and were almost universally inculcated on the population of Scotland, by means of the Assembly's Catechism. Scarcely any book was more common among the inhabitants of that country than the Westminster Confession of Faith. Were they remarkable for vice ? So far were Calvinistic tenets, when thus extensively diffused, from 'producing crimes and impieties of every sort,' that the lower orders in that land were among the most virtuous of people. If their moral superiority be attributed to the system of education established in Scotland, we have to remark that this is assigning a cause of crimes very different from the principles of Calvinism : besides, it must not be forgotten that Calvinism was interwoven with the elements of education in that country. Never was any religious system more assiduously taught or more extensively diffused through a community, than was Calvinism in Scotland ; and the order and virtue of its inhabitants, have furnished the moralist and the philanthropist with the subject of their warmest eulogies. If the necessary tendency of Calvinistic principles be to create and perfect crimes, we beg to

propose the rarity of criminal punishments in that part of the kingdom, at the period to which we refer, as a problem worthy the attention of those authors and editors who exhort their readers to avoid Calvinistic preachers as they would the infernal lake.

We have, perhaps, already said too much about Calvinism : we must, however, be permitted further to observe, that this pamphlet may come into the hands of those who are very ill-informed on the subject of religion, and incapable of making the requisite discrimination between one doctrine and another ; and who may, in consequence of their perusing it, imbibe prejudices, which may become inveterate, against truths on the reception of which salvation may depend.

This pamphlet, we must repeat it, can do no good : it will never make any man either wiser or better. If, as we suspect, the Editor was at the pains of translating and publishing it, from an apprehension that it is peculiar to Calvinists to administer 'spiritual opiates' to condemned criminals, we must correct his error. There are, unhappily, in different religious denominations, persons whose hearts are better than their heads ; and who very justly incur censure for the impropriety of their proceedings in relation to malefactors. But he must be a very novice in Theology, who imagines that every person who details the history of a late conversion, is a Calvinist. It was quite possible, we think, to shew the improprieties of 'the recent case of Robert Kendall,' without assailing Calvinism.

We proceed to consider the "Appendix," which the Editor intends as an application of the principles of the pamphlet, in connexion with Mr. Davies's "Brief Account." We are either so blind, or so stupid, as not to perceive that resemblance between the two cases which the Editor fancies he has discovered. How it was possible for him to identify the principles of Calvinism with the case of Kendall, we must confess, we cannot discern. That unhappy man did not assign 'predestination' as the ground of his hope of heaven ; nor did he reply to his spiritual attendant as the 'Thief' answers the 'Calvinistic preacher,'— 'I would not spend my labour to no purpose in prayer.' It would have been just as equitable in the Translator, if he had associated Arminian principles with Kendall's name ; since no peculiarity of Calvinism discovers itself in the Brief Account of his case :—a case which has no connexion with Calvinism, nor any relation to any body of professing Christians ; and which ought to be considered separate from every religious denomination. It is very strange that the Editor should, in the "Application," speak of Mr. Davies as the minister of the Methodist chapel at Wellingborough, and as a Baptist minister too. Methodists, he ought to have

known, are not Baptists. He must be informed also that no competent writer would speak of a Calvinist as the minister of a 'Methodist chapel.' We must inform him that Mr. Davies is neither a 'Baptist,' nor a 'Methodist;' and, as it is not evident from the Brief Account that he is a Calvinist, it may be of service to the 'Translator,' in forming the habit of accuracy in his statements, to ascertain the creed of Mr. Davies.

We deplore the publicity which has been given to the case of Kendall, with as much feeling, and with as much sincerity, as the Editor of the Dialogue can lament it; and equally regard it as of injurious tendency to the interests of religion and morals. But it would be wrong to extend the blame which individuals have incurred, to a whole denomination; and to make particular failure the occasion of general censure: 'Every man shall bear his own burden.' If Mr. Davies had received and followed the advice of *intelligent* friends, we had been spared the painful feelings which the publications on our table excite in us. As we estimate the importance of a work, not by its bulk, but from its relation to the interests of true virtue, we must be permitted to detain our readers a little longer by our remarks on the subject of Mr. Davies's pamphlet, which, we sincerely wish, may excite caution in those who may hereafter be placed in circumstances of a kind similar to his recent situation; may convince them that knowledge and sound discretion are requisite to direct their attentions, and to temper their zeal; and may be of efficacy in checking that propensity to send forth 'Narratives,' of strange and dubious conversions which has too much been manifested.

The Brief Account abounds with the most confident assertions of the conversion and happiness of its subject: it contains the most unwarrantable declarations; one part of it is inconsistent with another part; and the whole sufficiently proves how ill-qualified was its Author for the conducting of that awful process in which he was the voluntary agent. Ignorance of human nature, zeal unaccompanied by wisdom, deficiency of endeavour to awaken the conscience to a sense of particular guilt, facility of imparting premature consolation, and unjustifiable ardour in blazoning abroad a supposed conversion: these are the faults, which, independent of other evidence, the judicious reader of Mr. Davies's pamphlet must attribute to him. The very title of it announces the reality of Kendall's conversion; and throughout its pages the same opinion is expressed without reserve. He was "a brand plucked out of the fire." 'He was a sincere convert.' 'He died in Christ.' 'He was converted at the eleventh hour.' These are the confident expressions which occur. As the unhappy man declared that he was innocent of the crime for which he suffered, his innocence

and his conversion are associated. If he was guilty, he was not a convert, since it is impossible that a real convert would persist in falsehood. If, therefore, Mr. Davies believed in the reality of Kendall's conversion, he must have been firmly persuaded of his innocence: yet he says 'I will not take upon me to assert his innocence of this crime, but leave it for the great day of account.' But if Mr. Davies entertained the least doubt of Kendall's innocence, how could he so confidently affirm his conversion? The smallest degree of suspected guilt in this case, invalidates every positive assertion of real conversion. Is this the kind of publication which tends 'to magnify the grace of God?'

In the discharge of the duty which a minister of religion prescribes to himself in visiting the cells of condemned criminals, the first steps should be to awaken the mind to a sense of its condition, and to obtain an ingenuous confession of guilt; nor should he be satisfied with general acknowledgements of sin, but he ought to labour to fix the thoughts of the offender on his particular transgressions. In those cases in which the unhappy convict declares his innocence, in the face of strong circumstantial evidence, and in opposition to a public verdict, the closest and most persevering efforts ought to be employed to awaken his fears, and, if possible, to draw from him the full confession of his guilt. The heart has so many resources of its own which no human eye can penetrate, deceit is so easily practised, and deceptions of a nature so amazing have been exposed, that we ought to feel convinced how much, in such instances, the greatest skill and the most patient caution, are necessary to right conduct. Till he receive an explicit confession, or be furnished with some grounds of hope in the convict's favour, independent of his avowals, the attendant cannot be justified in offering him consolation. Confession of sin is essential to repentance, and must precede the hope of forgiveness. Every encouragement must be premature and dangerous till a full explanation of every circumstance connected with the offence be obtained. The culprit, therefore, ought to be urged to an entire disclosure, and admonished of the awful hazards to which he will expose himself by declarations void of truth, or by equivocation and reserve. In this difficult, but essential part of his duty, Mr. Davies completely failed. Kendall, it was well known, was the associate of White, (who was executed for the same offence, and of whose guilt no doubt was entertained,) in company with whom he was seen on the evening on which the robbery was committed, and on the morning following: a series of evidence furnished strong presumptions of guilt against him, and he was condemned for the offence. It was therefore quite obvious to advert to these circumstances,

and to urge them with the utmost force upon the mind of the convict. But this important part of the process was omitted by Mr. Davies. He appears to have been satisfied with very general acknowledgements of sin; never to have addressed an appropriate question to the conscience of his patient; and, to our utter astonishment, we find him, on his *very first private interview* with the unhappy man, offering the consolations of Divine mercy, healing the hurt slightly, and crying, "peace, peace, when there was no peace!" We must censure, with the utmost severity, the language which Mr. Davies and another minister have used in reference to the case of Kendall. 'If,' says the former, 'this be hypocrisy, let such hypocrisy be mine!'—and the latter declares,—'I could safely hazard my soul in his soul's stead!'—We are shocked by these expressions. They betray very gross indiscretion. As it was utterly impossible for these persons to ascertain the real state of Kendall's heart,—as there was, at least, the possibility of his avowed conversion being insincere, it was altogether wrong in them to identify their state with his, and to expose their own salvation to a hazard so fearful. With what horror and regret must these expressions be now reviewed by their authors, when the guilt of their supposed convert is disclosed in the solemn declaration of his Solicitor—'*that Kendall did most distinctly and unequivocally confess to me that he was guilty of the offence of robbing the Leeds mail coach:*'—and when, in connexion with other evidence, this declaration has extorted from Mr. Davies the acknowledgement, that 'his sentiments respecting the sincerity of Kendall's repentance are very much altered.' If Mr. Davies's opinion be so changed, if he now believe that Kendall was not a convert, he is bound ingenuously to retract the errors of his Brief Account; explicitly to disavow his belief in the conversion of that unhappy man; and to circulate as widely as possible, the best antidote which he can furnish against the mischiefs of his pamphlet. This duty he owes to the world, to religion, and to God; and the performance of it, though it may be a humiliating step, will be much more honourable to his character than the publication of the Brief Account. As he is but a young man, he must permit us to recommend to him "to get wisdom, and with all his getting to get understanding." We hope that this unhappy business will, in its effects, be beneficial to Mr. Davies; and that the whole affair will prove a salutary check to the practice of blazoning abroad the conversion of malefactors. Against such a practice we most seriously and decidedly protest.

We cannot but express our astonishment at the manner which accounts of 'converted malefactors' too frequently assume: as if the only object of such publications were to record a triumph,

or to furnish a specimen of the most extatic joys. Thus we are told of one 'who was executed for a capital offence,' (the crime is not mentioned) and who closed a 'remarkably profligate' course at the early age of twenty-five, that even 'at the gallows he was without a rival in praise,' and 'appeared to reach the highest strains of one of Dr. Watts's sublimest hymns:—'From thee, my God, my joys shall rise.' Dr. Watts, we dare say, had no intention of furnishing such persons with sublime strains, when he sat down to the composition of that fine hymn, which may well suit the saint and the martyr, but which is not at all adapted to a malefactor at the gallows, though he may have been "converted at the eleventh hour." O! it grieves our very hearts that such a circumstance should be related with pleasure. This man who 'had been invariably associated with wicked companions,' and in whom 'the habits of sin were deeply rooted,' who was the convert of a day, if indeed he was a convert at all, leaves the world singing—

"The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave:—"

"Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon; lest the Philistines rejoice, lest the uncircumcised triumph." What propriety can there possibly be in this behaviour, and in these details, even on the supposition that there existed in the case symptoms of penitence to encourage a degree of hope? Were these strains of impassioned rapture at all appropriate to such a character, and on such an occasion? A broken heart, the deepest humiliation, and the most pungent sorrows, are surely more suitable to the termination of a life, the entire acts of which have been a series of offences against God, and of injuries to man, when it is cut short by the visitation of the law, and when an interval of only six days occurs between the condemnation and the execution of the offender. Are persons of this description the men whose death must be 'full of joy?' Are they to have their Apotheosis, and to be cited as 'illustrious testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus?' From what page of the New Testament does this strange ostentation receive its sanction? Not from its promises. They appropriate *an abundant* entrance into Christ's everlasting kingdom only to the faithful and obedient. Not from its examples. The serenity and joy of Paul were in connexion with a tried Christian character, and with a long course of holy and laborious services for the glory of God, the honour of the Saviour, and the interests of religion. "Our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, we have had our conversation in the world." "I have fought a good fight, I have kept

the faith." These are his declarations. His joys too were of a much more sober kind than those which these offensive narratives display. We observe in them no attempts to chastise the fervours, and to repress the violent effusions, of the unhappy men who are the subjects of them; but every facility is afforded to the ebullitions of their minds, and an apparent delight is manifested in recording them; as if the elevation of the passions were an infallible indication of a converted state, and the evidence of being made meet for heaven. What benefit can be produced by this separation of the highest consolations of the Gospel from its known and unquestionable efficacy? Is it the tendency of these triumphant relations of prison and death-bed conversions, to deter from the commission of sin, and to recommend the practice of righteousness? Will it aid the cause of piety exultingly to adduce those whose alleged conversion *may be* all deception, as magnifying the grace of God? and to shew *them* to the world, whose lives, with the exception of a few concluding days or hours, have been 'remarkably profligate,' or, at the best, irreligious, beaming with the effulgence of heaven, and crowned with the glory of martyrs? Why is there not more caution on the part of good men in their attentions to those unhappy persons whom they are prompted, we believe, from the best motives, to visit?

That late conversions *may be real*, and that the penitence of malefactors *may be sincere*, we readily admit. — With God nothing shall be impossible. We attribute as much importance to those passages of Scripture which display the mercy of God, and the efficacy of Christ's atonement, as any of those persons on whose proceedings we are animadverting, can assign to them. We believe that "Whoso confesseth and forsaketh his sins shall have mercy," and that "the blood of Christ cleanses from all sin." Besides the declarations of the Scriptures on the subject, the nature of the case will support the affirmation that late conversion *may be real*. In every memorable conversion, known to be a true one, in that of the Apostle Paul, for example, there is a precise period when the mind, enlightened by true wisdom, and convinced of sin, receives new principles of internal and complete renovation, when the man becomes a new creature. The conversion of Saul of Tarsus was undoubtedly real when he entered Damascus, and previous to his introduction to the society of the faithful. But had his death immediately followed, would they have believed in his conversion? would they have proclaimed it? The Churches of Christ, we know, glorified God in him, but not before his conduct furnished the most unequivocal proof of his being a new man. It is not the possibility of a *late* conversion's being a *real* conversion which we dispute. The grounds on which the affirmation of its being a real conversion,

rests, is the only practical part of the question. The *evidence* of a change of principle is the sole object which comes under our consideration ; and with respect to this, there is neither impropriety, nor peril, in maintaining that, in the case of persons of confirmed vicious habits, whose professions of penitence are made at the close of life, there is not any circumstance which can justify a positive declaration in their favour. ' They may be true penitents, but how shall we pronounce them to be so ? How can we conclude that they are dead unto sin, unless they be spared to live unto righteousness ? ' They may be new creatures, but how shall we ascertain that they are so in the absence of " good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them ? " The " corrupt tree " may have been made good, but how shall this be known unless it bear the fruits of righteousness ? But what " fruits meet for repentance " can they produce ?—What decisive evidences of conversion can they give whose activity has ceased, who are cut off from the world around them, who are not exposed to temptations, who, oppressed with disease, are stretched on beds from which they shall rise no more, or are shut up in gloomy cells from which they are soon to be led forth to execution ?

Penitential sorrows, professions of faith, resolutions, and vows, are not sufficient to prove the reality of conversion ; nor are we allowed to infer the future welfare of supposed converts from any expressions which they may utter in the prospect of dissolution. Who has not witnessed apparent conversions in which the parties have appeared to feel as strongly, to deplore their past conduct as bitterly, and to implore mercy as fervently, as any of those criminals whose end has been pronounced happy ? They too, had they died ' when the hand of God was upon them,' might have been declared sincere converts ; but they have lived to furnish the most decisive and painful evidence that their " goodness was as a morning cloud, and as the early dew ; " resuming, on the removal of their afflictions, the follies which they had discarded, and practising again the sins which they had deplored ; neglecting the salvation which they accounted so precious ; and violating the most solemn vows and resolutions : the latter end being worse than the beginning. These are the persons whose relapses and transgressions supply facts important in their aspect on the case of converted malefactors ; and amply sufficient to deter every judicious Christian from positive decisions on their state. These awful cases are not of so rare occurrence as to form singular exceptions, but are so common, compared with the instances of radical amendment, as to form, if we may so express it, the general result of the experiment. If, then, in these cases, in which we are furnished with the grounds of competent judgement, decep-

tion and disappointment are so common, and sincerity and stability so rare, are we doing well to pronounce, in cases of the same nature which do not supply the means of judging, a decision opposed to the dictates of practical wisdom? Confident determination must be wrong. It is of infinite consequence that the declarations of the Scriptures be deeply impressed upon our minds, and that our conduct be regulated by them. They assure us that only faith in the Redeemer, which "works by love and purifies the heart," can support the hope of heaven; and they demand, as the evidence of such a principle, the subjection of the soul to the authority of God, and the practical illustration of the spirit and precepts of the Gospel. Where these are wanting, it is presumptuous to assert the conversion and future state of any man.

The instance of the penitent thief on the cross, is frequently adduced as parallel to the cases we are considering, and is mentioned by Mr. Davies in his "Brief Account." But there is no propriety in such comparisons or references. The peculiarities of that case should never be forgotten. Nothing is left on record concerning that malefactor but a penitent confession of his guilt, and his humble petition to the Saviour for mercy. His is an *ascertained* instance of conversion. He who knows what is in man, declared its reality. It has not, therefore, any relation to the cases on which it is brought so frequently to bear, and affords not the smallest sanction to the publication of 'Narratives' of converted malefactors, whose real state it is far beyond the capacity of human wisdom to ascertain.

Far be it from us to censure the motives which lead any Christians to visit the chambers of the afflicted, or the cells of criminals: we rather applaud their compassionate spirit and their merciful designs. But judgement and discretion are of so great importance to right conduct, in conversing with the ignorant, the irreligious, and the vicious in extreme circumstances, that we must strongly recommend them to pious persons of every description, especially to those who may be called to attend unhappy convicts. Their labour of love will, we apprehend, be best discharged, in endeavouring to awaken the minds of sinners to a proper conception of their danger, and to a deep and penitent sense of their offences, representing the Divine grace through a Saviour in its inseparable connexion with unfeigned repentance: and, after using every effort, and with every hopeful consequence, leaving 'the penitent of a day to that mercy against which he has been sinning through a whole life,' and which may, in its sovereign exercise, receive even the chief of sinners.

Art. II.—*Orlando in Roncesvalles*, a Poem, in Five Cantos. By J. H. Merivale, Esq. Post 8vo. pp. xx. 136. Price 8s. 6d. London, Murray, 1814.

THIS is a very elegant and spirited production. It combines the merits of a faithful translation with the freedom and interest of an original poem. The ground-work is furnished by the 'Morgante Maggiore' of Luigi Pulci, the earliest of those Italian romances which are esteemed classical, but a composition of so strange a cast and of so heterogeneous materials, that to the present moment it remains undecided, whether it was intended as a burlesque or as a serious poem. Undertaken at the instigation and for the amusement of Lorenzo de Medici, 'it was probably composed (Mr. Merivale suggests) canto by canto, without regular plan or foresight, to be read or recited by the author himself at the table of his patron for the amusement of his company.' Such a production is highly curious, independently of its poetical merits, as exhibiting the state of society and manners at that illustrious period, when the few bright and solitary luminaries which had cheered with a prophetic lustre the darkness of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, faded before the morning splendours of a new era; when the progress of the human intellect from Gothic barbarism, began to wear the appearance of definite improvement, and the phenomenon of a new language attending the revival of literature, seemed to be suddenly created to serve as a vehicle for the first efforts of awakened genius. In no point of view are the works of the poet more interesting, than as forming the most faithful and lively records of national character and of the manners of the age. From the page of the historian we may learn what men have done and dared; but to know what those men were, to be able to inspect their features, as well as to read their actions, we must have recourse to the wild effusions of the Bard, the Minstrel, or the Troubadour; of men whose only object was to solace themselves with the expression of their own feelings, or to acquire a name or a maintenance by awakening the passions and amusing the imaginations of their contemporaries. Poetry is alike the growth of all ages, and its object is pretty nearly the same, how rude soever the composition. It is designed to supply no factitious want, no artificial appetite, but a natural and universal craving, if we may so express it, which all minds of active energy discover for a something to relieve the dulness of daily experience, and infuse a freshness into the sensations of life, by stimulating the imagination to a sense of indefinite beauty, wonder, or grandeur, investing the objects of fancy, or for a while seeming to rest on the daylight objects

of hope and enthusiasm. In the medium employed for this purpose, we may perceive the degree of intellectual and moral cultivation which prevailed at the period; what objects were then familiarized with the imagination and the feelings, and what degree of art was requisite to produce their pleasurable excitement. The amusements of a nation discover the turn of its serious habits: its waking thoughts may be gathered from its dreams. And what is poetry but that fair intellectual dream which, though it may seem to be an external thing, is, in reality, the natural play and reaction of the faculties, and but for which the intervals of suspended pursuit and exertion were blank and cheerless.—The character of the poet, then, is essentially that of the age which gives him birth, whose softened likeness he in his turn transmits to other generations, thus perpetuating, or rather reproducing in the minds of others his native sentiments and feelings.—In the productions of those illustrious Italians, whose genius so powerfully contributed to the revival of literature, it is not difficult to trace the features of the twilight times in which they lived; when superstition and scepticism were often so strangely blended, even in the same individual,—the dreams of chivalry, with the notions of a half-learned philosophy, and with the early associations of error the indistinct apprehensions of the truth. The progress of civilization had attained a point analogous to the period at which the imagination often attains its manhood, while reason, not yet developed, begins to throw off the restraints of early prejudice and instinctive belief, without having as yet acquired strength or light enough to guide itself with certainty. The noon of fancy is but the day-break of knowledge. Between Dante and Bacon how long though bright was the interval!

But how curious and interesting soever works of this class may be in the original as illustrating the history of language and that of mind, and how worthy soever of their fame, there are but few, indeed, even of the best, that will repay the toil or survive the ordeal of translation. The long and garrulous tales of romance might amuse the puerility of those ages, when all who were not idle, were but indolently busy, and busied with trifles. But minds accustomed to objects of real interest, can only consent to lend themselves to the illusive interest of obsolete fiction, so long as the charm of genius is upheld. The sense of weariness inevitably issues in disgust.

We are disposed on this account highly to commend Mr. Merivale's taste and judgment, as displayed in the work before us. On the site of Pulci's vast and disorderly ruin, he has erected a homogeneous and classical structure, preserving such materials only as seemed to accord with modern taste, yet without destroying the essential character of the original building. In-

stead of a tedious translation, he has presented us with a pleasing poem, founded on one of the most romantic and popular fictions of chivalrous history. Most of our readers, we presume, are acquainted with the renowned names of Charlemagne, of Orlando, the first of the far-famed Paladins of France, and the favourite hero of romance, and of Turpin the archiepiscopal chronicler, on whose supposed authority rests all the legendary lore which has come down to us through the songs of minstrels, and the tales of historians of those days of yore. They have at least heard of the fatal name of Roncesvalles, as recorded in many a plaintive ditty, where the flower of Christian chivalry fell a victim to treachery and Moorish vengeance, 'an occurrence, (Mr. Merivale observes,) which, notwithstanding the barrenness of the dry historical record, will ever remain associated with all grand and pathetic images; for

' Sad and fearful is the story
Of the Roncesvalles' fight'—

If they have not, we do not know whether Mr. Merivale himself would invite them to proceed; but if they are willing to be initiated into the history of the heroic Roland, the gentle Olivier, and the other knights of that illustrious time, as they have already been familiarized with the Marmions, the Cranstouns, and all the uncouth clans of the Scottish border, we think we can promise them at least equal edification. Mr. Merivale has not certainly the free and vivid pencil of Walter Scott; nor would the restricted and stately elegance of the Italian school have comported with the bold and abrupt style of the Northern Minstrel. There are, indeed, between the two styles, no points of fair comparison. The style of Mr. Merivale's poem, the structure of the stanza, and the general character of the composition, are all strictly Italian, but we think it but justice to say, he has retained little of the stiffness, and has preserved much of the beauty of his model.

The poem opens with the departure of Orlando for Roncesvalles from his castle of Clermont in Viennois.

' The banner waved on Clermont's highest tower;
Forth rode the Count in glittering armour clad:
But Aldabelle bewail'd the luckless hour,
Alone, amidst the pomp of triumph, sad:
From her fair eyes fast fell the pearly shower,—
Ah tears ill timed, when all things else were glad!
The soul born pride of female courage slept;
Anglante's spouse, the Rose of Clermont, wept.'

The gentle Aldabelle attempts, but in vain, by her tears and her ominous warnings, to dissuade her Lord from the

adventure to which he is summoned by his sovereign's mandate.

' From his dark brow he dash'd one manly tear,
Omen of ill !—then cried, " On, soldiers, on !—
Long is our journey, and the day far gone." '

' Five days they journey on,—

—' And, on the sixth fair evening view
The sun clad Pyrenean's spiry peak,
Like some proud banner tinged with golden hue ;—

when they fall in with some of the Paladins proceeding also to the pass of Roncesvalles, where Marsilius, the Moorish king of Saragossa, is to cede to the Christian Emperor, as the price of peace, the Marca Hispanica, the country extending from the Pyrenees to the Ebro; while Charlemagne himself ' at Fontarabia on the Gascon seas,' awaits the accomplishment of the transaction. Among the rest, the gentle Baldwin, Orlando's favourite page, but yet untried in fight, excites the attention and draws forth the banter of the knights, by the splendour of an embroidered vestment which it appears was given him before his departure, by his father Ganellon, and which he particularly enjoined him to wear. The ' ingenuous youth' promptly offers to lay it aside, as not befitting a knight of worth untried : but,

' Orlando strain'd the warrior to his breast—
" No, wear it still—there's none can grace it more :
And, be it freely, noble friend, confest,
I never felt so true a joy before,
As now, that in thy welcome sight I see
The surest pledge of Gano's loyalty.

" For ever be ungenerous doubt," he cried,
" Offspring of idle fancy, cast away !
Now, Aldabelle, resume thy wonted pride :
Suspicion is a guest that shuns the day."
A deeper blush the cheek of Baldwin dyed—
" Suspicion !—did my noble patron say ?
Now, so sit honour on my virgin sword,
As spotless is the faith of Poitiers' lord."

' So spake the son, unknowing yet the cause
That stain'd with doubt Maganza's perjured name :
And who so strange to nature's holiest laws
But loves the champion of a parent's fame ?
Orlando mark'd his warmth with just applause.
" My valiant Baldwin ! on my head the blame,
Whose heedless words have hurt a soul like thine :
Henceforth, thy father's honour shall be mine."

' Now must we leave the Paladins awhile.
And ye, who kindly listen to my lay,
Think they have reach'd the destined vale, where smile
Soft meadows in perennial verdure gay,
And, every side surrounding, pile o'er pile
Rise the gigantic hills, and seem to say,
Here are we fixt by Heaven's creating hand
The everlasting guardians of the land.' pp. 15, 16.

The second canto introduces us to no less awful a personage than Malagigi, or Maugis, the cousin of Rinaldo, who, from his well-known skill in magic, had proclaimed the offered peace of Marsilius to be 'with treason fraught,' and had predicted the disasters which ensue. In stern and sullen despite on being thus unheeded, he repairs to the castle of Montalban, where

' Down in the infernal cavern's deepest place
His mansion holds a spirit wise and strong
And terrible; of his abandon'd race
Moves none more black those dismal courts among :
Yet over him, by Heaven's eternal grace,
The more to humble that rebellious throng,
Have magic charms permitted power to quell
His savage force with adamant spell.'
' Him Malagigi summon'd : by his voice
Compell'd, the dæmon rose '

The whole of this passage appears to be pretty closely taken from the 'Morgante.' Our readers need not be informed how leading an article of popular belief in the middle ages, was that which respected demoniacal agency, and its subserviency to the powers of magic. Some of the most singular stanzas in Pulci's poem, as well as in the productions of some of his contemporaries, are those in which the demons are made to talk school divinity and logic like good Catholics, as if they were slyly meant as masked personifications of the reverend Fathers of the Holy Church. It was doubtless from this source, that Milton drew the idea of representing the fallen spirits in Pandemonium, as sitting

' Apart——on a hill retired
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high—
Of providence, foreknowledge, will and fate,
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
And found no end in wandering mazes lost.'

Mr. M. we find, has remarked the singular coincidence in his notes.

After a theological exposition of the limited nature of a spirit's ken, as embracing the past and the present only,

' But eye
Of creature never pierced futurity.'

the obedient demon proceeds to inform the enchanter, of Ganellon's treasonable confederacy with Saragossa's monarch, between whom the plan had been formed for the destruction of the Paladins,

' A work so full of monstrous villany,
That, heard in hell, the whole infernal band
Raised one loud shout, re-echoing to the sky'—

They secretly agreed that Baldwin, Ganellon's son, secured in the royal surcoat of the Saracen, should be made the innocent guide of his master, and of Clermont's chivalry, into the fatal snare. On learning this, Malagigi, in bitter anguish and despair, reverts to the absence of his cousin Rinaldo, whose wondrous arm might, perhaps, turn the opposing scale.

' Then thus to Astaroth,—“ Say, dæmon, where
Lingers my cousin in this mortal vale ?”
Eastward he turn'd those eyes that through mid air
Ten thousand leagues can swift as lightning sail.
“ I see him now beneath the sultry skies
Where Pharaoh's everlasting temples rise.”

' Then Malagigi gave his last command,—
That in three days the dæmon should convey
Montalban's knight from Egypt's burning sand
To Roncesvalles, through the aerial way.
“ Henceforth be free from spell of mortal band,
As thou shalt this my last behest obey !” ’

Such journeys as these were by no means uncommon in those days ; nor was the command, therefore, however it may startle the unlearned reader, at all unreasonably severe upon the demon's ingenuity. We must give the succeeding stanzas for the sake of their admirable beauty.

' Montalban's towers and silent streams and glades
Sleep in the quiet moonshine, when from far
Borne through mid heaven attend the courser shades
Self-harness'd to their visionary car.
“ To Charlemain, ere yet the moonbeam fades,
Lost in the brightness of Aurora's star,
Bear me, my steeds, in silence through the sky :
Yet may we change Orlando's destiny !”

' He who from dull repose short hours can steal,
Alone to wander mid the calm serene
Of a fair summer's midnight, and can feel
His soul accordant to that solemn scene,
May think how joyful, swift as thought, to wheel
From fleecy cloud to cloud, while all between
Is one pure flood of light, and dim and slow
Rolls the wide world of vapour far below.

' And now o'er Roncesvalles' fatal plain
Hovering, the wise enchanter bids descend
His coursers, and awhile their speed restrain :
Now far o'er hill and vale his eyes extend,
Beyond ungifted vision's furthest strain ;
And, miles and miles around, space without end,
Where'er the moonbeams fell, their sparkling light
Glanced back from groves of steel, and scared the peaceful
night.

' Yet not a breath disturbs the air ; nor sound
Of clashing arms, nor shout of revelry,
Nor squadrons trampling o'er the hollow ground
Give signal of the Moorish chivalry.
Twice more the sun must walk his daily round
And bathe his forehead in the Gascon sea,
Ere yet the tallest Pagan spear shall show
Its glittering point to the devoted foe.' pp. 37, 38.

' Who wakes in Roncesvalles ?'—The gentle, the unhappy
Olivier alone is descried by the enchanter in his flight, standing in
gloomy mood on the brow of a precipice. To him, breaking
suddenly and unknown upon him, he conveys the mysterious in-
formation of the imminent danger.

' " Go, wake yon eagle ! for the aspiring flame
Already mounts, and fires his royal nest :
Treason hath writ in blood Orlando's name,
And Hell is busy with the coming feast.—
Go, wake yon eagle ! for the toils are spread,
And the proud fowler marks him for the dead."

' This said, he sprang into his car, and high
Soar'd in an instant out of mortal sight.'—

The Paladin, as soon as he recovers from the trance of sur-
prise produced by so strange and alarming a visit, rouses Or-
lando from his slumbers with the cry of—To Arms,—and in-
forms him of the toils which treason has spread. With speed
they climb the highest ground, but

' Above, below, around, on every side,
They cast their eager and inquiring eyes ;
But void and waste extend the mountains wide,
And void and waste the silent valley lies,
As at the hour when the Creator cried
" Be spread, ye valleys ! and, ye mountains, rise !"—
" Oh Oliver ! what vision, wild and vain,
My friend, my brother ! hath disturb'd thy brain ?"
' Another day, another night are o'er,
And Oliver his watch tower mounts again :
The hills are void and silent as before,
And void and silent as before, the plain.

He warns Orlando of his fate once more,
 And once again he finds his warning vain ;
 Then solitary and dejected strays
 Till the third day-star o'er the mountains plays.

' Above, below, around, on every side,
 He turns his eyes ; and sees reflected shine
 The beaming light from war's advancing tide ;
 Sees o'er the hills the interminable line
 Of steel clad squadrons wind in martial pride,
 Seeming in one bright girdle to confine
 All that devoted vale, the closing stage,
 To many a knight, of earth's loved pilgrimage.' pp. 40, 41.

The oration of Orlando to his little band of brothers, and which ' forms but a part (Mr. Merivale tells us) of that which is assigned to him by Pulci,' is quite characteristic of the hero of old romance.

The third canto is occupied with the fearful and prodigious combat between this handful of Christian heroes, as the faith of those times regarded them, and the whole Moorish host. The reader must bear in mind the circumstances of the age to which are to be referred the events and the sentiments with which they inspire the historian. The Christian Church was then, in a literal sense, a Church militant ; its heroes were those who drew the forbidden sword of outward violence ; its most assured and revered martyrs, those who fell by Paynim hands in the field of murder. In the present instance, however, the hero acquires additional interest as the devoted patriot, the victim of treachery. One of the most touching incidents in this canto, is that of Orlando's charging young Baldwin with being privy to the treachery of his father, the truth of which he learns from a fallen captive whose life he has spared.

" What ! treason in my camp ! among my friends—
 My noble generous friends !" he shuddering cried—
 " Yes — look where now his onward course he bends,
 That friend, to Moictiers' bloody race allied !
 Hast thou not mark'd his gorgeous vest, where blends
 The sun-bright gold with empire's purple pride ?
 That to the traitor sire Marsilius gave,
 Alone, of all thy host, the traitor son to save !" "

He meets with Baldwin who, unsuspecting

' Courts Danger, like a new and blushing bride,
 And wonders why his eager suit she flies.'

" I seek to day among the brave to die,
 And many a warrior by my lance lies slain :
 But none against this arm their force will try,
 I call, I threaten, to the fight in vain !"

"False boy!" return'd the chief, "no more they'll fly,
Lay but that gaudy garment on the plain,—
Which to thy traitor sire Arsilius gave,
For which that traitor sold his son a slave!"

"If on this day," the unhappy youth replied,
"Thee and thy friends my father has betray'd,
And I am curst to live, this hand shall guide
Keen to his heart the parricidal blade;
But I, Orlando!"—thus in tears he cried,
"Was never, never, for a traitor made,
Unless I've earn'd the name in following thee
With true, with perfect love, o'er land and sea.

"Now to the conflict I return once more;
The traitor's name I shall not carry long."
That fraudulent, fatal vest away he tore,
And said "My love to thee was firm and strong!
This heart no guile, this breast no treason bore;
Indeed, Orlando, thou hast done me wrong!"—
Then burst away—he hero mark'd his air
With altering heart, that droop'd at his despair.' pp. 63, 64.

We must give the stanzas which declare his fate.

'Orlando rous'd by war's re-echoing cries
Hastes to the charge; back fall the squadrons round:
And see where hapless Baldwin gasping lies,
Pierced to the heart by no dishonest wound!
"I am no traitor now!" he faintly cries,
Then sinks a stiffen'd corse upon the ground—
With bleeding soul Orlando saw him die.
"Thy fate is seal'd; the unhappy cause am I!"
'There is a time for woe,—a peaceful hour,
When the sore-wounded heart may seek relief
For ills, past cure of every earthly power,
In the dissolving luxury of grief
But when the blast of war uproots the bower,
And strews the vale with many a wither'd leaf,
Joy to the mourner!—He no longer hears
In that rude storm his sighs nor feels his starting tears.' p. 65.

The remaining two cantos we must pass by, though they contain some passages of beauty not inferior to those which we have already given. In the fourth, Astaroth acquits himself of his task marvellously to our satisfaction.

The following passage, imitated from Dante, is exquisitely beautiful.

'Twas now the hour when fond Desire renews
To those who wander o'er the pathless main,
Raising unbidden tears, the last adieus
Of tender friends whom Fancy shapes again:

When the late parted pilgrim who pursues
His lonely walk o'er some unbounded plain,
If sound of distant bells fall on his ear,
Seems the sad knell of his departed joys to hear.

Lights, numberless as by some fountain's side
The silly swain reposing (at the hour
When beams the day-star with diminished pride,
When the sunn'd bee deserts each rifled flower,
And yields to humming gnats the populous void,)
Beholds in grassy lawn, or leafy bower,
Or orchard plot, of glow-worms emerald bright,
Flamed in the front of that ambrosial night.

Vain fears, the impious progeny of crime,
Hold no alliance with a scene so fair;
Remembrance claims the consecrated time,
And Love refin'd from every selfish care.
Thus, as they wheel their rapid course sublime
Through the mid realms of circumambient air,
In spirit they have reach'd the fatal place,
And strain their brethren in a last embrace.' pp. 82, 83.

The canto concludes with an apostrophe to later times: the allusion is singularly happy, from the coincidence of names and of place.

'Sleeps Arthur in his isle of Avalon?
High-favour'd Erin sends him forth once more
To realize the dream of days far gone,
The wizard strains of old *Caer-merddhyn's* lore.
Another Rowland brings his legions on,
The happy Rowland of an English shore;
And thunders in the van with foot of flame
Scotland's romantic champion, gallant Græme.'

The death of Olivier, the three wondrous blasts which Orlando at length put forth from his miraculous horn, by the last of which it was burst in two, the confusion of the self-condemned Ganellon at the sound, and his horror at the spectral appearance of his son, the posthumous visitation of the enchanter to Charlemagne, whose prophetic rage was roused by that same dread blast of Clermont's horn, 'to speak and breathe its last:—all these truly romantic and picturesque incidents, and the miracles attending the death of Orlando, which are in true chivalrous and right *Catholic* taste, we must be content thus briefly to refer to. They are *devoutly* translated from the *Morgante Maggiore*, and therefore rest on undoubted authority. The pathos, however, of the catastrophe is necessarily weakened, not to say destroyed, by the puerile improbability of the legendary fiction. The dignity of the hero is sacrificed to the mummery of canonization. Nothing can be

more ridiculous in fiction, or more pitiable in grave narration, than a Roman Catholic saint. We should as soon feel disposed to sympathize with a Gothic monument, or to melt into tears over a worm eaten relic of antiquity. The pageantry of death only serves, in poetry, as in reality, to conceal the object; the pomp of circumstance which is introduced to conceal the nakedness of the simple fact, effectually quenches the feelings, and destroys the interest. We do not blame Mr. Merivale: he has given us, what we think most of our readers would have wished him to give, a faithful transcript of the old romance. Orlando dies *à la romanesque*, a death full as noble as any which Homer or Virgil has immortalized; and as poetical as we believe the death of a hero can be made. It is Christianity alone which can render death sublime, and we do not look for much of either Christianity or sublimity in a romance of the fourteenth century.

The reader will now be able to appreciate Mr. Merivale's performance. As a poet, there is little but the polished elegance of his diction and the smoothness of his versification, which it was allowed him to display. These, however, with that accurate conception of the spirit of the original, and that discriminative taste, which enable a translator to transfuse the living ideas, instead of copying the mere form of expression, he appears in an eminent degree to possess. We confidently hope that he will be induced to give us other specimens of Italian genius in this intelligible and interesting form. There are many poets of that illustrious era, Dante himself not excepted, whose works, if reduced like the books of the Sybil to one third of their present bulk, would be increased to tenfold value: they would then come forth from the Medean process of translation in all the freshness of renovated youth.

Art. III. *The History of Persecution*, from the Patriarchal Age, to the Reign of George II. By S. Chandler, D. D. F. R. S. S. A. A new Edition. To which are added the Rev. Dr. Buchanan's Notices of the present State of the Inquisition at Goa. Also an Appendix, containing Hints on the recent Persecutions in the British Empire. Some Circumstances relating to Lord Viscount Sidmouth's Bill; a circumstantial Detail of the Steps taken to obtain the new Toleration Act, with the Act itself, and other important Matter. By the Rev. Charles Atmore. 8vo. pp. viii. 520. Price 10s. 6d. boards. Craggs, Hull; Longman and Co. London. 1813.

MORE than seventy years have elapsed since this work was originally published. Recently it had become very scarce; and as it is generally allowed to be a work of talent and

research, and not altogether devoid of interest, Mr. Atmore (who is, we believe, a respectable minister among the Wesleyan Methodists) undertook the task of its republication. He informs us that he has wholly omitted Dr. Chandler's original preface, which was in a great measure, occupied by a personal controversy; and also all the marginal notes which were of a controversial nature: and, as this edition was intended principally for common readers, he has left out all the Greek and Latin sentences which the Author had scattered throughout the work, and simply retained the references to his *authorities*, for the satisfaction of the learned reader. In regard to the body of the work, he has 'neither altered the sense nor the language'

This history is divided into four books, and each of these into several sections. The first book relates to persecutions among the Heathens; the second, to persecutions under the Christian emperors; the third, to persecutions under the Papacy, and particularly the Inquisition; and the fourth, to persecutions among Protestants. These four books are followed by a 'Conclusion,' in seven sections, in which the reader is taught that 'the *Clergy* are the great promoters of persecution;' that 'pride, ambition, and covetousness, are the grand sources of persecution;' that 'the decrees of councils and synods are of no authority in matters of faith;' that 'the imposing subscriptions to human creeds is unreasonable and pernicious;' that men are 'not to trouble the Christian church with metaphysical subtleties and abstruse questions, that minister to quarrelling and strife; nor 'to pronounce censures, judgements, and anathemas, upon such as may differ from us in *speculative* truths.'

From what we have already produced, it is strikingly evident that Dr. Chandler has written under very strong prepossessions; and from a farther examination of his work, it appears, at least to us, that his prepossessions are not confined to the subject already mentioned, but that they extend also to what is usually denominated 'orthodoxy,' in point of doctrinal sentiment; or, as he would term it, in reference to speculative truths! Those persons who may read his "History of Persecution," should constantly bear in mind this circumstance, for an author who writes under the influence of a mind so powerfully biassed, is liable to deviate widely from the straight and uniform tenor of an impartial historian. Dr. C. has written, it must always be recollected, with a positive and plainly avowed object. He never loses sight of that object for a single moment; and, therefore, if he draws, from the general repository of historical knowledge, any facts which do not tend considerably to further his purpose, it is by accident, and cer-

tainly not by design. This, in our estimation, greatly detracts from the respectability and utility of his performance; and prevents our giving it that recommendation which would otherwise be due to the talents and investigation of Dr. Chandler.

We have said that, in the first book, he speaks of persecutions among the Heathens. Here he informs us that Socrates was persecuted 'on the account of his religion;' that Anaxagoras was accused of impiety for affirming, that 'the sun was a globe of red-hot iron;' that 'Stilpo was banished from his country because he denied 'Minerva to be a god, allowing her only to be a goddess;' that Protagoras fled from his country to escape the punishment of death, because he had 'written something about the gods that differed from the *orthodox* opinions of the Athenians;' that there was a bloody and destructive theological battle in Egypt between those who worshipped dogs and ate fishes, and those who worshipped fishes and ate dogs; and so on. To us this mode of treating the subject appears to be most egregiously trifling, unworthy of a man of either piety or learning, and quite incongruous with its painful importance. To have rendered this early part of the history complete, the Doctor should have descanted upon the persecuting spirit which excluded the Antediluvians from the ark, and which led the barbarous Moses to repel the Canaanites from their land to make room for a tribe of ignorant, bigoted Jews.

After having descanted at sufficient length upon the persecution of Heathens by Heathens, he devotes a few pages to the purpose of describing the persecutions of Christians. And this seems intended as a proof of the Author's candour; for he says, 'From these accounts it evidently appears that *the Christian world ALONE is NOT chargeable with the guilt of persecution on the score of religion.*' He also tells us here, (though to our narrow comprehension it seems a little to clash with the position in the first section of his 'Conclusion,' that the 'clergy are the great promoters of persecution,') that as the truth of history obliges him to compliment the laity with the honour of this excellent invention [of persecution] for the support and propagation of religion; and as its continuance in the world to this day is owing to the protection and authority of their laws, and to certain political ends and purposes they have to serve thereby; the loading the priesthood *only or principally*, with the infamy and guilt of it, *is a mean and groundless scandal.*

It is an opinion which has been very generally adopted, that within three hundred years of the crucifixion of our Lord, the Church suffered *ten* most grievous persecutions: but, as every one cannot be supposed to recollect the most striking circum-

stances of those persecutions, it was natural to expect that in a work like this, more than ten pages would be appropriated to their history. So short, however, is the space to which our Author limits this interesting part of his inquiries; and, of course, he presents no adequate development of the occasions of those persecutions, nor any satisfactory detail of their nature and consequences. The ninth persecution, that under Valerian, for example, was occasioned, as Eusebius and other ecclesiastical historians inform us, by the artful insinuations of an Egyptian sorcerer, who pretended that the Christians destroyed the prosperity of the empire by their execrable charms, 'for as such he profanely and maliciously represented their special power over the Demons which they were in the habit of expelling and silencing.' In reference to such matters as these, it is possible the learned Doctor's silence was a matter of principle; because to tell of the power of the primitive Christians over demons, is to tell of the *existence* of demons, and thus to touch upon one of those '*speculative truths*,' and '*abstruse questions* that minister to quarrelling and strife.'

When a Divine by profession is engaged in a work like the present, instead of seeing him phlegmatically weighing the comparative activity of clergymen and laymen in the nefarious employment of persecution, or the relative tendencies of religion and philosophy to feed the flame, we should prefer finding him deducing some general observation worthy of a man who philosophically traces, and religiously admits, the just visitations of Providence upon the heads of persecutors. In this respect, a single observation of *Evagrius's* (an historian of the sixth century, whom we do not *very* much admire) accords more with our own feelings, than three-fourths of Dr. Chandler's volume. In reply to Zosimus, the Ethnic, who railed at the Christians, and misrepresented Constantine, he says, in a spirited digression, from which we quote only a small part,

'Let us see, if thou art inclined, how the emperors who were ethnics and heathens, maintainers of idolatry and paganism, and persecutors of the faithful, and how, on the contrary, such as adhered to the christian faith, ended their reign. Was not Caius Julius Cæsar slain by conspirators? Did not soldiers with naked swords dispatch Caius, the nephew of Tiberius? Was not Nero murdered by one of his familiar and dear friends? Had not Galba, Otho, and Vitellius, the like end, all of whom reigned only sixteen months? What shall I say of Titus, whom Domitian poisoned, although he was his own brother? What of Commodus, whom Narcissus dispatched out of the way? What of Pertinax, and what of Julian, but that they both suffered one kind of death? Did not Antonius, the son of Severus murder his brother Geta? And did not Martial requite

him with a like death? What shall I say of Macrinus? Did not the soldiers lead him as a captive about Byzantium, and cruelly put him to death? Was not Aurelius Antonius, of Emessa murdered together with his mother? Was not Alexander, immediately after him, with *his* mother also, put to death? What shall I say of Maximinius, who was killed by his own army? or of Gordian, who through the treason of Philip, was, in like manner, put to death by his own soldiers? Tell me thyself, Zosimus, what happened to Philip, and after him to Decius? What but that they were both slain by the enemy? Take Gallus and Volusian: were they not murdered by their own armies? What of Æmilian: had not he the like miserable end? What of Valerian: was not he taken in battle by the Persians, and led about by them in triumph? What of Galienus, was not he slain through treason, and Carinus beheaded when Diocletian came to be emperor, whom Diocletian cut off lest they should reign with him? After them, Herculius Maximian, his son Maxentius, and Licinius, died with contumely and shame? But since the time the most excellent emperor Constantine began to reign; since he consecrated unto God the city he had built, and called it after his own name, speak indifferently and candidly, was there any one emperor in that city, (Julian, a man of thine own religion, and thy Emperor alone excepted,) that was murdered, either by his own subject, or by the enemy? As for Valens, who persecuted the christians, I concede him to thee, and no other canst thou speak of.*

The second book of Dr. Chandler's history, which occupies about 88 pages, seems written for the purpose of shewing, that under 'the Christian Emperors,' great and grievous persecutions were occasioned solely by some frivolous disputes about a moveable feast; or by some obscure and inexplicable notions connected with the doctrine of the Trinity. The plain inference from the whole, if we rightly understand it, is, that had nobody ever kept Easter, or ever believed that in the Divine subsistence there were three Hypostases in one God, persecution among Christians would not have been known. Christianity, it seems, is exclusively a system of peace, and has little to do with opinion, even should that opinion relate to the object of worship. Consistently with this, we are told what Jerome reported of St. John, 'that in his extreme old age at Ephesus, being carried into the church by his disciples, upon account of his great weakness, he used to say nothing else, every time he was brought there, but this remarkable sentence, "Little children love one another."' And when some of the brethren were tired with

* Evagrius Hist. Eccles. lib. iii. c. 41.

hearing so often the same thing, and asked him, "Sir, why do you always repeat this sentence?" he answered, with a spirit worthy an Apostle, "It is the command of the Lord, and the fulfilling of the law." And consistently with the same general principle, we are *not* told doubtless the equally true and equally instructive story related by Irenæus, namely, that once when the venerable and meek spirited Apostle entered a bath to bathe himself, understanding that Cerinthus, a noted heretic, was bathing in another part of the same bath, he hastened out immediately, exclaiming to his friends that were with him, 'Let us flee from hence, lest the roof of the bath wherein this enemy of truth is, should fall on our heads!' For, from this anecdote, it appears, that notwithstanding the Apostle's solicitude to live in love with those who held the same faith with himself, he entertained the strongest apprehensions of the evils that would result from *any* intercourse with such as deviated from what *he* considered "the truth as it is in Jesus."

The far greater proportion of this second book, is employed in exhibiting a very partial and unfair account of the Arian controversy, in which the conduct of Athanasius is most unjustly depreciated, and the conduct of Arius, and that of George of Cappadocia, as vile a wretch as ever wore canonicals, are as unjustly extolled. We fear that the respectable Editor of this work, in some degree, though doubtless very unintentionally, aids this delusion, by saying that 'Arius's death was owing, *as was suspected*, to poison.' This has been asserted, again and again, by Arian and other heterodox writers, in the course of the last two centuries; but we know not of any reputable historian who wrote within two hundred years of that extraordinary event, who ever imputed it to any such cause. Dr. Chandler himself, though always decorated with the badge of a partizan, does not venture to detail this calumny, but contents himself with a gentle sneer:—'Soon after these transactions, Arius died, and the manner of his death, as it was reported by the orthodox, Athanasius thinks of itself sufficient fully to condemn the Arian heresy, and an evident proof that it was hateful to God.'

We had marked several passages in this part of Dr. C.'s history, for animadversion and correction; brevity, however, induces us to decline the task. It is more compatible with our *inclination* to observe that the third book, which is devoted to 'persecutions under the Papacy,' is tolerably well executed. The history of the Inquisition is sketched with truth and spirit; and Dr. Buchanan's description of the Inquisition at Goa, will be read with interest by those who have not perused that gentleman's valuable 'Christian Researches in Asia.' But with regard to the subject even of this portion of the work, there

are some omissions for which we know not how to account. The most remarkable is that of the persecution of *British* Christians, towards the end of the sixth century, when Austin the monk, who was sent over by Gregory the Great, to convert the inhabitants of this island, finding seven bishops in Wales who resisted his attempt to impose upon them the popish doctrines and ceremonies, contrived to incense against them Ethelbert, king of Kent. This monarch, in consequence, marched with a powerful army to Caerleon, made great havoc and destruction, and slew *twelve hundred* of the innocent ascetics of Bangor, whom he found assembled, and interceding with heaven, by fasting and prayer, for the deliverance and the prosperity of the seven populous churches of Hereford, Tavensis or Landaff, Lhan-Padern-Vaur, Bangor, Elviensis or St. Asaph, Worcester, and Morganensis, i. e. probably either Glamorgan, or Chester.*

In the last book, our Author dilates upon Luther's censurable notions respecting persecution, and dwells with offensive particularity, for several pages, upon 'Calvin's doctrine and practice concerning persecution.' We call it *offensive* particularity, because nothing but the most flagrant partiality and injustice could induce a writer to dwell upon this lamentable failing in Calvin, and, at the same time, carefully abstain from any allusion to Socinus's conduct towards Francis Davides;—conduct which Mr. Aspland and a few other Socinians have not hesitated to stigmatize with a becoming severity.

The succeeding sections in the fourth book, contain some painfully interesting matter, exhibiting in a striking point of view, the tendency to encroachment in aspiring ecclesiastics, and the sufferings 'for conscience sake' quietly endured by men "of whom the world was not worthy." This portion of the work ought to have occupied a larger space; and it would doubtless, had not our Author's zeal for particular opinions, preponderated over his attachment to liberty of conscience, strong as the latter principle obviously and deservedly is. The 'persecutions in Great Britain,' from 1549, to the time in which Dr. Chandler wrote, are detailed in about 40 pages!

The nature and object of Mr. Atmore's Appendix, are correctly described in the title-page. —Several of the facts related, are very striking; and some of them such as ought never to be

* Those of our readers who are not acquainted with this striking portion of Ecclesiastical History, may consult Bishop Jewel's 'Defence of the Apology of the Church of England,' pp. 519—521, and Cave's 'Discourse of the Ancient Church Government,' in opposition to the jurisdiction of the bishops of Rome, pp. 247—255. Rev.

forgotten. Yet we cannot help thinking that there is one particular, at least, which it would have been better to have omitted; we mean the letter which appears on page 449, in which the writer details the circumstances of a Sunday morning's journey from London into Sussex, for the purpose of leaving blank petitions for signature at the different meeting-houses in his progress. The circumstances of that journey, admit of perversion and misrepresentation by those who are enemies to appeals made to the body of the people on great occasions; and on this account we have seen it in print with regret. We perused, with very different emotions, a concise, but excellent and characteristic letter, sent by John Wesley to one of our prelates, in 1789, when several of his preachers were harassed by some magistrates on what Mr. Atmore denominates 'a pretence entirely new.' They were told,—'You profess yourselves members of the Church of England, therefore your licences are good for nothing; nor can you, as members of the Church, receive any benefit from the 'Act of Toleration.' Mr. Wesley wrote a letter to Mr. Wilberforce, requesting his mediation with Mr. Pitt on this business; and also the following letter to the bishop in whose diocese the circumstance referred to happened, and who, as it should seem, connived at the persecution of these excellent men.

'My Lord,—I am a dying man, already having one foot in the grave. Humanly speaking, I cannot long creep upon the earth, being now nearer ninety than eighty years of age. But I cannot die in peace, before I have discharged this office of christian love to your lordship. I write without ceremony, as neither hoping nor fearing any thing from your lordship, or any man living. And I ask, in the name and in the presence of him, to whom both you and I are shortly to give an account, why do you trouble those who are quiet in the land? Those that fear God and work righteousness? Does your Lordship know what the Methodists are? That many thousands of them are zealous members of the church of England? and strongly attached, not only to his Majesty, but to his present ministry? Why should your lordship, setting religion out of the question, throw away such a body of respectable friends? Is it for their religious sentiments? Alas! my Lord, is this a time to persecute any man for conscience sake? I beseech you, my Lord, do as you would be done to. You are a man of sense: you are a man of learning: nay, I verily believe, (what is of infinitely more value) you are a man of piety. *Then think and let think.*—I pray God to bless you with the choicest of his blessings.'

On the whole, we are of opinion that Mr. Atmore's Appendix, is better calculated than Dr. Chandler's history, to produce a genuine hatred of persecution, and a genuine attachment to religious liberty, as a means to the accomplishment of a mo-

mentous end. But we are disposed to think that the republication, in a separate pamphlet, of Dr. Doddridge's valuable discourse on 'The Absurdity and Iniquity of Persecution for conscience-sake, in all its kinds and degrees,' would have done more real good than the entire work of which we have been speaking. Dr. Doddridge was a firm and decided Dissenter upon principle; but he was a man of candour and moderation. The sentiments advanced by him, are the avowed sentiments of all the enlightened and pious in the Protestant world; and he every where writes like a man who feels that while he is advocating the cause of toleration, he is advocating the cause of 'pure and undefiled religion,' which is sure to be most promoted where toleration is the most complete. We cannot better conclude this article than by making use of his own language.

'True religion must be founded in the inward conviction of the mind, or it is impossible it should be, what yet it must be, a *reasonable service* (Rom. xii. 1). And pray let it be considered what violence and persecution can do, towards producing such an inward conviction. It cannot, to be sure, do it immediately by its own power, because it is a demonstration which at the same moment suits both the parts of a contradiction. And it is certain a man might as reasonably expect to *bind an immaterial spirit with a cord, or to beat down a wall by an argument, as to convince the understanding by threats or by tortures.* They may indeed make a man *mad*, but it is the hardest thing in the world to imagine how they should ever make him *wise*.'

Art. IV.—*Philosophical Transactions*, of the Royal Society of London. For the Year M.DCCCXII. Part I. 4to. pp. 228 and 26. G. and W. Nicol. London. 1812.

WE regret to find ourselves so much in arrears with respect to these interesting records. It is our intention, for the future to furnish our readers with an early notice of every part regularly on its appearance, and to give an abstract of its contents sufficiently full to satisfy those (by far the greater proportion) of our readers, who have not leisure or inclination to pursue scientific subjects with a view to their application to purposes of practical utility. Three additional parts have already been issued by the Society, and we shall lose no time in noticing them.

The contents of the part now before us, are eleven papers, and an appendix consisting of a Meteorological Journal kept at the apartments of the Royal Society. Of these papers, the

1st, 2nd, and 5th, relate to mathematical and astronomical science, and are reserved for the subject of a distinct article in our next number. We proceed at once to notice the

III. An Account of some Peculiarities in the Structure of the Organ of Hearing in the *Balæna Mysticetus* of Linnæus. By Everard Home, Esq. F. R. S.

The detection of muscular fibres in the *membrana tympani* of the elephant, induced Sir Everard Home to seek for an opportunity of examining the structure of that organ in the whale; and he consequently procured, for that purpose, from a person employed in the Greenland whale fishery, the cranium of a cub whale. Its length was from 16 to 17 feet, and its circumference from 12 to 13; so that the great magnitude of the parts was particularly favourable to the object which he had in view. The *membrana tympani* was 1 inch and $\frac{1}{10}$ in diameter; and when the external cuticular and membranous coverings were removed, there was found a regular layer of muscular fibres, having their origin in one edge of the bony rim to which the membrane is attached, and their insertion in the opposite edge; so that the centre is not tendinous as in the elephant. Its structure too is remarkable in this respect, that it is convex externally, and projects nearly an inch into the *meatus externus*; and hence there is no direct connexion between the tympanum, and the small bones which belong to the organ of hearing, as is the case in other animals; nor are these bones in the whale situated within the cavity of the tympanum, but in a distinct cavity beyond it, and exterior to its membranous lining. The connexion between the *membrana tympani* and these bones, is formed by a membrane which stretches across the hollow formed by the *membrana tympani*, and is attached to its bony rim, a fold of it being continued across the cavity of the tympanum, and attached to the short handle of the malleus. The muscular structure of the *membrana tympani*, furnishes that organ with the means of adjustment to sounds proceeding from different distances; but the degree of pressure to which it is liable, is incompatible with the transmission of smaller vibrations so as to convey distinct sounds, a purpose which appears to be accomplished by the membrane which is stretched across the cavity of the tympanum, and forms the means of communication between the external and internal organs of hearing.

IV. Chemical Researches on the Blood, and some other Animal Fluids. By William Thomas Brande, Esq. F. R. S. Communicated to the Society for the Improvement of Animal Chemistry, and by them to the Royal Society.

This communication is divided into seven sections, and contains a series of experiments made upon chyle, lymph, serum, and the coagulable and colouring matter of the blood. The fluid first examined was the chyle, which was found to be in its most perfect state about four hours after the animal had taken food; after that period it gradually becomes less opaque, until, at length, only pure lymph is transmitted through the thoracic duct. The chyle in its most perfect state, is a white, opaque, inodorous fluid, having a slightly saline taste, and being capable of changing the blue colour of infusion of violets to a green. Its specific gravity is intermediate between the gravity of blood and that of water; and after being a short time removed from the duct, it becomes a stiff jelly, which gradually separates into a firm coagulum, and a transparent, colourless fluid. In this respect, then, it resembles blood, and its coagulation is retarded or accelerated by the same means. The coagulated portion, however, Mr. Brande describes as having a closer resemblance to the caseous part of milk, than to the fibrine of blood. It dissolves readily in the alkalis either pure or subcarbonated, and is precipitated by the acids which re-dissolve it if added in excess, but some of them require to be assisted by heat. It is not precipitated from its solution in dilute sulphuric acid by the alkalis, added either to the point of saturation or in excess, but the solution was rendered turbid by infusion of galls, or other substances containing tannin. Dilute nitric acid converts it into adipocire. The serous portion of chyle becomes turbid when heat is applied, and deposits flakes of albumen; and if afterwards evaporated at a temperature not exceeding 200° , crystals are deposited, which have all the properties of the sugar of milk. Pure lymph, such as is found in the thoracic duct of an animal which has been kept 24 hours without food, is a transparent fluid almost destitute of sensible properties. It affords no coagulum to the action of heat or acids. The action of Galvanic electricity developed a small portion of albumen, and there was an indication of alkaline matter at the negative surface, and of muriatic acid at the opposite extremity. The serum of blood has been so frequently examined, that Mr. Brande on this occasion limits his inquiries to one point, on which former experiments had produced some doubt in his mind. It has been commonly understood to contain a portion of gelatine which remained in solution after the al-

bumen had been coagulated by heat, or by other means. By the application of Galvanic electricity, however, Mr. Brande has discovered this to be an error arising from the imperfection of our former means of analysis, and that the matter which has been hitherto considered to be gelatine, is albumen held in solution and modified in its properties by the presence of a large proportion of alkali. This is separated by the action of a Galvanic battery, and the whole of the albumen coagulates, leaving the liquid so entirely free from animal matter, that neither infusion of galls, nor the evaporation of the liquid to dryness, could detect the smallest portion remaining in solution. Mr. Brande detected traces of iron in the serum, but so small as to be hardly appreciated; and other experiments detailed in this paper, clearly prove that the blood does not owe its red colour to the agency of this metal, though since the experiments of Fourcroy and Vauquelin on the subject, it has usually been attributed to the presence of iron combined with phosphoric acid. In the first place, equal weights of fibrine, of which one portion was nearly deprived of colouring matter, and the other allowed to retain all that adhered to it during its spontaneous coagulation, afforded proportions of iron so small as almost to escape detection; and as far as could be judged with quantities so extremely minute, there was no perceptible difference in the quantity afforded by each. The evidence afforded by an examination of the chemical properties of the colouring matter, is still more decisive, and proves that it is a peculiar modification of animal matter. It is soluble in water, but heat occasions it to be deposited, and its colour is changed to a pale brown. It is also soluble in muriatic and dilute sulphuric acid, and forms solutions which have a greenish hue by transmitted light, and a crimson colour by reflected light, but the sulphuric solution is rather of a lilac hue. These solutions are not affected by light, infusion of galls produces no change in them, and the alkalis rather heighten their colour. The nitric acid appears to decompose it, and changes the colour to brown; but the other acids, as the acetic, oxalic, &c. dissolve it, and form solutions of a more or less intense red colour, but they all exhibit a green hue by transmitted light. With the alkalis either pure or carbonated, it forms deep red solutions which are permanent, and they may be evaporated nearly to dryness without losing their colour. These facts afford decisive proof that the colour of the blood is not owing to iron; and Mr. Brande has still farther established its analogy to the colouring principle in other bodies, by fixing it by means of mordants, of which a solution of tannin, and the nitrat and oxymuriate of mercury were found to be most powerful. With these a permanent red was produced. This part of Mr.

Brande's paper throws a good deal of light on the process for dyeing the Turkey or Adrianople red on cotton, in which blood is always employed, and no doubt contributes to the production of the colour.

VI. On a Gaseous Compound of Carbonic Oxide and Chlorine.
By John Davy, Esq.

Our views of the nature of chlorine or oxymuriatic acid gas still remain in some degree unsettled; but in proportion as our acquaintance with it is extended, the theory of Sir H. Davy appears to receive additional confirmation, and the probability that it is a simple body, analogous to oxygen in its properties, is increased. Gay Lussac, and Thenard, as well as Murray, have asserted, that carbonic oxide and chlorine do not exert any action on each other under any circumstances of exposure to light, or otherwise. Mr. Davy, however, has found this assertion to be erroneous. If these gases, carefully dried, are mixed in equal volumes, and exposed to the direct rays of the sun, they combine in about a quarter of an hour, with a diminution of about one half of their volume, and the peculiar colour of the chlorine at the same time disappears. The combination takes place also if they are exposed only indirectly to the sun's light; but in this case, the combination requires about twelve hours to effect it. The gaseous compound thus produced, and for which Mr. Davy proposes the name of phosgene gas, because the combination has been effected hitherto by light alone, possesses peculiar properties, both physical and chemical. It does not fume in the atmosphere, and its odour is intolerably offensive and suffocating. It reddens dry litmus paper, and combines with ammoniacal gas, with much heat and rapid condensation. The compound is a perfectly neutral salt, without odour, of a pungent, saline taste, and deliquescent. It is decomposed by the sulphuric, nitric, and phosphoric acids, and the product, collected over mercury, is a mixture of the carbonic and muriatic acid gases. In the muriatic, carbonic, and sulphureous acid gases, the salt sublimates unchanged; and in acetic acid it dissolves without effervescence. Tin heated in this gas rapidly decomposes it, the fuming liquor of Libavius being formed, and carbonic oxide being disengaged. A similar effect is produced by zinc, antimony, and arsenic. Potassium appears not only to have decomposed the gas by combining with the chlorine, but also the carbonic oxide; but as the proportions employed in the experiment are not given, we can only presume that the quantity of the potassium used, was sufficient for both purposes. White oxide of zinc decomposed it, forming butter of zinc, and

converting the oxide into carbonic acid. A similar effect was produced with protoxide of antimony; but the oxygen displaced by the chlorine, went to form the peroxide of that metal, the carbonic oxide remaining unchanged. Mixed with oxygen or hydrogen singly, the gas did not explode by the electric spark; but when it was mixed with proper proportions of these two gases, it exploded with considerable violence, muriatic acid, and carbonic acid gas being formed. Water decomposed it rapidly, the products being muriatic and carbonic acid. From the whole of these facts, Mr. Davy considers the gas to have the properties of an acid, and, in this view of the subject, the name which he has given it, does not appear to be a very appropriate one. Its powers of saturation are very considerable, since it combines with four volumes of ammoniacal gas. It did not decompose the native carbonates of lime and barytes, nor did it combine with pure quick lime, $\frac{1}{10}$ of an inch only being absorbed in two days; but this is the less remarkable as carbonic acid was not found to be absorbed in larger quantity, probably because there was no moisture present. Its habitudes with the fixed alcalis were not determined, owing to its ready decomposition by water: when it was added to thin solutions, carbonic acid was disengaged, as might be expected, by the stronger acids. That the affinity by which the combination is produced, is a powerful one, appears from this circumstance, that when a mixture of chlorine, carbonic oxide, and hydrogen, in equal volumes, was exposed to the action of light, the chlorine was divided pretty equally between the hydrogen and the carbonic oxide.

VII. A Narrative of the Eruption of a Volcano in the Sea, off the island of St. Michael. By S. Tillard, Esq. Captain in the Royal Navy.

This communication gives an intelligent and interesting narrative of the appearances which attended the eruption which Captain Tillard had the satisfaction of witnessing from the cliff of St. Michael's, and at the distance of less than a mile. The scene must have been one of the most awful and terrific which are ever presented by the convulsions of nature to the contemplation of man. It was attended with repeated shocks of an earthquake, and such was the magnitude of the eruption, in the short period of three hours, during which Captain Tillard and his companions remained on the spot, that a complete crater was formed above the water to the height of about twenty feet, and apparently of the diameter of four or five hundred feet. This was on the 14th of June, 1811, and on the 4th of July, when Captain T. again sailed near it, it had risen to the

height of eighty yards above the sea, and he compares its general height at this period to that of the High Tor at Matlock.

VIII. On the primitive Crystals of Carbonate of Lime, Bitter Spar, and Iron Spar. By William Hyde Wollaston, M. D. Sec. R. S.

This paper exhibits the accustomed accuracy of its ingenious and scientific Author. In the *Traité de Mineralogie*, and in his more recent work, the *Tableau Comparatif*, the Abbé Haüy has assigned the same primitive form to the crystals of these three substances, and almost exactly the same number of degrees and minutes to the measurement of their angles, a circumstance which seems not easily reconcileable, on his principles, (the truth of which has been verified in so many instances,) with the wide diversity of their composition. By the aid of the instrument which Dr. W. described in the *Transactions of the Society for 1809*, he has been enabled to measure the angles of these crystals with great accuracy, and thus to determine the error of former measurements. He finds the angle of carbonate of lime to be $105^{\circ} 5'$, which corresponds with a very accurate measurement by Malus, made by a repeating circle; the angle of the magnesian carbonate, or bitter spar, he finds to be full $106\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$; and that of the iron spar 107° ; differences sufficiently important when viewed with reference to the diversity of their chemical composition, and affording additional evidence in favour of the system of the Abbé Haüy.

IX. Observations intended to shew that the progressive Motion of Snakes is partly performed by Means of the Ribs. By Everard Home, Esq. F. R. S.

The subject of this paper cannot be made very intelligible without a reference to the plates which accompany it, but it makes us acquainted with a new and very curious mode of progressive motion peculiar to the snake tribe. The discovery of it was first made by Sir Joseph Banks, on a large Cobra de Capello, which had been brought from the East Indies for exhibition in this country, in the progressive motion of which he distinctly observed the ribs to be employed, and on applying the hand it was equally perceptible to the touch. Sir Everard Home has given, in this communication, a sufficiently minute description of the anatomy of the parts employed to make the ribs subservient to the double purposes of motion and respiration.

X. An Account of some Experiments on the Combinations of different Metals and Chlorine, &c. By John Davy, Esq.

The experiments detailed in this communication relate only to the combinations of chlorine with copper, tin, iron, manganese,

lead, zinc, arsenic, antimony, and bismuth. With copper, tin, and iron, Mr. Davy obtained, without much difficulty, two distinct combinations of each, having different proportions of chlorine, and analogous therefore to the protoxides and deretoxides of metals combined with oxygen. With the others he was not able to effect a combination with more than one proportion; but in the present imperfect state of our knowledge of the combinations of chlorine, it would be premature to conclude that others may not be produced. Most of these compounds have many properties in common. They are in general fusible at a heat below redness; are perfectly fixed in close vessels; but when heated in vessels allowing the free access of air, they sublime in dense fumes. Water converts them into the ordinary muriates. Some of them have the property of uniting with phosphorus, sulphur, and resinous matter, and of forming transparent colourless solutions with fixed and volatile oils. Mr. Davy has instituted a comparative inquiry into the combination of chlorine with the metals, in reference to the theory of definite proportions, and comparing them with the oxides, to which they are analogous. The proportion in which chlorine combines with other bodies, when compared with oxygen, is as 33.6 to 7.5, and these proportions are found to correspond in many instances to the results of analysis as applied to the compounds of the metals and chlorine, with a degree of accuracy which is highly satisfactory; and there can be no doubt that as our acquaintance with the composition of these bodies and of the oxides becomes more accurate, the discrepancies which at present exist, will gradually diminish and finally disappear. Mr. D. gives also the results of a similar comparison of the metallic sulphurets with the combinations of chlorine, which, though they do not agree in all cases, yet in the far greater number, are found to correspond pretty exactly. Sir H. Davy has proposed to designate these compounds of chlorine with the metals, by varying the termination of the name of the metal. For one proportion of chlorine, he proposes the termination 'ane,' for two 'anea;' thus the combination of copper with chlorine, which may be regarded as analogous to the protoxide, is cuprane; and with two proportions, cupranea. To this mode of nomenclature there appears to us to be strong objections; the names themselves are very uncouth, and no resource is afforded in the event of other combinations having higher proportions of chlorine being discovered, which is by no means improbable. It would have been far better to have adopted Dr. Thomson's mode of designating the oxides by prefixing the Greek numerals. Mr. Davy thinks he has traced an additional proof of the analogy between chlorine and oxygen, in the action of the compounds of

chlorine and the metals with muriatic acid. He found these combinations to be, for the most part, extremely soluble in muriatic acid; a cubic inch of the concentrated acid, for example, dissolved 150 grains of corrosive sublimate; and assisted by heat, it dissolved about 1000 grains, forming a solution which, on cooling, became solid, having a fibrous crystalline texture, and a pearly, brilliant lustre. The combination, however, was not permanent, for the acid was separated not by heat only, but by mere exposure to the air, the corrosive sublimate remaining unchanged. The solutions of cuprane and plumbane in muriatic acid, deposite crystals also on cooling, but it is not stated whether or not they are permanent; without this character, however, they certainly cannot be regarded as analogous to the ordinary neutral compounds, having oxygen as a constituent principle in their composition.

XI. Farther Experiments and Observations on the Action of Poisons on the Animal System. By B. C. Brodie, Esq., F. R. S., communicated to the Society for the Improvement of Animal Chemistry, and by them to the Royal Society.

In a former number we gave an account of some experiments on the action of poisons made by Mr. Brodie, of which the present communication may be regarded as a continuation. The experiments first detailed, were made with the Woorara, a poison which seems to destroy life by exhausting the nervous energy. A cat was brought into a state of apparent death by inserting the poison into a wound, the respiration having entirely ceased, and with it every vital function except the action of the heart, which still continued to beat about 140 times in a minute. In this state she was placed in a temperature of 85°, and the lungs were inflated artificially about 40 times in a minute. At the end of 40 minutes, the iris was observed to contract on the admission of light: when the respiration had been kept up one hour and 40 minutes, there were slight involuntary contractions of the muscles, and an occasional effort to breathe: at the end of another hour, or two hours and 40 minutes from the commencement of the artificial respiration, there were indications of returning sensibility, and the natural respiration was restored at the rate of 22 times in a minute. At this period the artificial respiration was discontinued, but the animal remained in a state similar to that of profound sleep about 40 minutes longer, and then awoke suddenly. She remained apparently a little indisposed the next day, but afterwards she perfectly recovered. The results of this experiment are highly instructive, and clearly establish the important fact that provided the action of the heart can be kept up by artificial means, the functions of the brain may be entirely suspended.

for a considerable period, without necessarily causing the death of the animal. In fact, something analogous to this takes place in sleep, only the suspension of nervous energy is less complete, extending only to the animal functions, but it is perfectly similar in kind though not in its extent. In another experiment, the result was unfavourable, though the action of the heart was kept up by inflating the lungs for more than three hours: so that, if the energy of the brain is not restored within a given time, the animal dies irrecoverably. The remaining experiments were made with mineral poisons,—arsenic, muriate of barytes, tartrite of antimony or emetic tartar, and corrosive sublimate being selected. Whether arsenic is introduced immediately into the stomach, or is applied to a wounded surface, it equally produces inflammation of the stomach and intestines; and it is remarkable that the inflammation is commonly more violent and immediate, when the poison is applied to a wound, than when introduced into the stomach, and it precedes the appearance of inflammation in the part to which it is applied. The appearances, however, which indicate inflammation, vary considerably in degree, but are always limited to the stomach and intestines, and never extend to the œsophagus or pharynx. From the difference in the degree of inflammation in different cases, and from the rapidity with which life is destroyed by this poison, Mr. B. thinks we are not to consider the inflammation as the immediate cause of death; but perhaps the inquiry has not been carried far enough, nor the experiments sufficiently varied, to allow us to draw such a conclusion; for even in the human subject we are far from having arrived at any accurate knowledge of the degree of inflammatory action, which is in all cases incompatible with the continuance of life, and in the inferior animals we have reason to believe that life is destroyed by this action much sooner than in man. From the circumstances above related, and from the analogy of some other poisons, Mr. B. thinks himself entitled to infer that arsenic does not act until it has entered the mass of circulating blood, but from the secretions of the stomach, kidneys, and intestines, being not only continued but increased, and from the muscles remaining after death capable of being excited by Galvanic electricity, it is evident that the effect produced is not a total and simultaneous destruction of vitality in all the organs of the body. Mr. Brodie thinks the effects of the poison in destroying life, are to be referred to the nervous system, and the heart; the functions of the alimentary canal being less necessary to life; and that its action on these two parts of the system is the immediate cause of death. But for the complete elucidation of this obscure point, much additional investigation will probably be required. We should rather be inclined to refer the slow,

feble, and intermitting pulse, and the symptoms enumerated by Mr. Brodie as indicating disturbed circulation, primarily to the influence of the poison on the nervous system; and to class them together with the paralysis, convulsions, dilated pupils, and insensibility, which so clearly indicate a disturbance in the functions of the brain. The appearances after death which indicate inflammation, we observed to vary a good deal in the different classes of animals, being more considerable in the carnivorous than in the graminivorous, and bearing some proportion to the time the animal lives after the application of the poison. It is usually confined to the mucous membrane of the stomach and intestines, which becomes of a florid, red colour, as if injected with blood, and its texture becomes soft and pulpy. Occasionally too there are small spots of extravasated blood, both on the surface of the mucous membrane, and between it and the cellular coat, and this occurs independently of vomiting. Mr. Brodie has never observed any sloughing or ulceration of the stomach or intestines in the inferior animals which have been the subject of his experiments; but in a woman who survived the immediate effects of a dose of arsenic, though she died four or five days after, in Bartholomew's Hospital, there was extensive ulceration in the mucous membrane both of the stomach and intestines. When arsenic is taken into the stomach, the copious secretion of mucous which it immediately occasions, separates it, Mr. Brodie remarks, from immediate contact with the inner surface of that organ, and in animals which are capable of vomiting, the greater part of it is rejected very soon after it is taken; but if it has been swallowed in substance, small particles are frequently found entangled in the mucous, or in the extravasated blood. When this was not the case, Mr. Brodie observes, 'I have never known in an animal that was capable of vomiting, that arsenic could be detected in the contents of the stomach after death, though examined by the most accurate chemical tests.' He remarks, that the inflammation produced by arsenic is more extensive than that occasioned by any other poison, a circumstance which, connected with other facts, may aid the judgement in deciding on the difficult and obscure cases which sometimes become the subject of judicial investigation. The effects of muriate of barytes and emetic tartar, are similar to those produced by arsenic, in all the prominent circumstances. The functions of the brain are impaired, the circulation is greatly disturbed, vomiting takes place in those animals which are capable of that action, and in general, inflammation is found in the stomach after death, but it does not extend to the intestines. The action of the heart generally continues a short time after respiration ceases, but artificial respiration did not, in any instance, maintain that

action long enough to recover the animal. The muscles after death were capable of being excited by Galvanic electricity. Mr. Brodie thinks the action of corrosive sublimate is more strictly local than that of any of the other substances which he employed in his experiments; but its effects, as indicated by the symptoms, appear to have had much the same character, and it probably occasions death in the same way. It seems, however, to have acted chemically on the mucous membrane of the stomach, for, in some parts, its texture was destroyed, and in others, it was changed to a dark gray colour, and was easily separated from its connexion with the other membranes of the stomach. The general conclusions which Mr. B. draws from his experiments on the mineral poisons are the following:

1. 'Arsenic, the emetic tartar, and the muriate of barytes, do not produce their deleterious effects until they have passed into the circulation.
2. All these poisons occasion disorder of the functions of the heart, brain, and alimentary canal; but they do not all affect these organs in the same relative degree.
3. Arsenic operates on the alimentary canal in a greater degree than either the emetic tartar, or the muriate of barytes. The heart is affected more by arsenic than by the emetic tartar; and more by this last than by the muriate of barytes.
4. The corrosive sublimate, when taken internally in a large quantity, occasions death by acting chemically on the mucous membrane of the stomach, so as to destroy its texture; the organs more immediately necessary to life being affected in consequence of their sympathy with the stomach.'

Art. V.—*Memoirs of Algernon Sydney*.—By George Wilson Meadley, with an Appendix, 8vo. pp. xv, 400. price 12s. London, Craddock and Joy, 1813.

THE name of Algernon Sydney ranks among the most famous of which his country can boast, yet, as Mr. Meadley remarks, 'his personal history has hitherto been little known.' His life was not distinguished either by extraordinary actions or romantic sufferings. In the field he was brave, but he never rose to a rank sufficiently high to lead an army; in the cabinet he was an able negotiator, but he never filled a more elevated situation than that of joint-commissioner to the court of Denmark; in parliament he gained no formidable ascendancy by eloquence or incorruptness; in private life he was the younger son of a nobleman, who espoused the contrary party in politics; and having never been married, he had no family influence at his command, and only a small, precarious fortune, barely com-

petent to his maintenance. His whole grandeur, and power, and celebrity, therefore, arose out of his personal character, and were sustained by his severe and inflexible republican virtues. Great he might have been in any situation, which afforded room for a superior mind to display itself; but, except in his last hour, he never was in such a situation. During the civil war he was an inferior officer, and had no other opportunity of signalizing himself than by his courage. Afterwards he lived many years in voluntary exile in Italy and France, among people whom he despised; and when, in his latter days, he settled at home, that very love of his country, which before caused him to flee from it, made him miserable in it, from an irreconcilable abhorrence of its base and profligate government under Charles II. His end, indeed, was a death glorious to himself, because it was suffered with magnanimity not to be surpassed, while it was inflicted with shameless and determined injustice. To these circumstances, however, he owes his immortality on earth; and but for these, it is evident that he would have been remembered merely as one among those who acted a part above the vulgar in the iron age of the Stuarts, when royal prerogative and popular innovation had their long and sore, their first and last military struggle in Britain, till at the revolution of 1688, being happily counterbalanced, both were, we trust, for ever disarmed of their mortal weapons. In all previous civil wars, from those between the Britons, and the Saxons, to those between the Houses of York and Lancaster, there was not one in which the people themselves were otherwise engaged, than as the agents or instruments of princes and nobles; and in the issue they became as much the spoil of the conquerors as the fields which they cultivated. But in the contest between Charles I. and his parliament, and in the sudden insurrection that dispossessed James II. of the throne which he had forfeited, every man that drew a sword, drew it for himself; and every spectator of the strife had a personal feeling in the quarrel, and an individual interest in the event, not waiting with indifference till he fell to the lot of the strongest, but like a rational, independent being, choosing his own master, and submitting to laws made by those whom he had appointed not so much to legislate over him, as to legislate in his stead. It was in the early part of this period that Sydney flourished, and in the malignant interval of insecure repose between the Rebellion and the Revolution, that he was murdered by the forms of law. Great, indeed, must have been the weight of his character, and the influence of his example, since poor, uncountenanced by his family, in banishment abroad, and in retirement at home, he was ever an object of great fear and hatred to a weak and tyrannical court, and his ruin seemed

so necessary to its safety, as to be worth accomplishing by means the most foul, the most cowardly and cruel. To this splendid departure, after a clouded career, he owes the pre-eminence of being one in the Triumvirate of Patriots, whose memories are united in the popular sentiment of "*The cause for which HAMPDEN bled in the field, and RUSSEL and SYDNEY on the scaffold.*" Yet still,

‘ Stat magni nominis umbra ;’

and the volume before us will add nothing to the glory of that mighty name, by detailing the personal history of him who left it behind ; for admirable always, and exemplary often, as the conduct of Sydney appears at this calm distance from the scene which he adorned, we suspect that his character is more exalted, by indistinct association in the minds of most people, than it will in reality seem to merit, when it is better known. In proportion as *the particulars* of the lives of illustrious men are multiplied in their biography, the nearer they are brought down to the ordinary standard, by being seen more frequently in situations in which they *can* act only an ordinary part : on the other hand, men of small note, but of sterling excellence, are exalted by being thus drawn out of obscurity, and suddenly exhibited in the light of their own virtues. We will venture to say, that Colonel Hutchinson’s actions were greater, and his sufferings more severe, than those of Algernon Sydney : whether he was a man of equal qualities we will not here inquire ; yet, till the memoirs written by his incomparable Lady were published, from the narrowness of the sphere in which he moved, he was barely recorded in the nomenclature of republicans. Had not Sydney been canonized by his political martyrdom, we are persuaded his fame would have been nearly as circumscribed as that of Hutchinson was, before the beautiful Spirit of his Lady, after the lapse of a century and a half, rising from the tomb, led him forth for the admiration of posterity.

We shall offer a brief sketch of Sydney’s life, extracted from these memoirs, and accompanied with such reflections as may rise out of the incidents as they occur.

Algernon Sydney was the second son of Robert, Earl of Leicester, and grand-nephew of the renowned Sir Philip Sydney. One family has rarely in two generations added two such names to the Worthies of their country. Algernon was born in 1622. At the early age of ten, he was taken abroad by his father, and spent much of his youth in Denmark, France, and Italy. His stern love of country, which in him was rather a Platonic sentiment than a cherished passion, is the more remarkable, as it can scarcely be said to have grown in its native

soil. Having been trained under the eye of his father for the army, he accompanied his brother to Ireland at the age of nineteen as captain of a troop of horse, in which service it is said he distinguished himself against the rebels with extraordinary zeal and activity. On his return to England, finding the King and the Parliament dividing the nation between them with the sword, each fiercely asserting his right, Sydney, though his father adhered to the royal cause, took part with the insurgents; and being appointed to the command of a troop in the army of the Earl of Manchester, he gallantly exposed himself at the battle of Marston Moor. Being wounded, and falling among the enemy, he was rescued by a soldier who rushed from the ranks of Cromwell's regiment, and having brought him off, nobly refused to make himself known, or to accept any reward, being content with having deserved, and with having declined, the glory of a name in after ages. Sydney, on his recovery, was advanced to a regiment in Sir Thomas Fairfax's army. '*Sanctus amor patriæ dat animum,*' was the motto which he chose for his banner:

— '*Manus hæc inimica tyrannis,
' Ense petit placidam sub libertate, quietem,*'

was the memorial which he afterwards wrote in the *Album* at Copenhagen, and these were the watchwords of his life:—the sacred love of his country gave energy to his hand, whether he opposed tyrants with the sword or with the pen. We are not disposed to lavish unqualified praise on his principles or his conduct. The character of Sydney must be admired at a distance, and his example must be held up as worthy of imitation only under circumstances in which to imitate it would be deemed High Treason: but High Treason would then be a virtue,—a virtue of necessity, as it was at the glorious Revolution of 1688.

When it was determined to bring the King to trial, Sydney was appointed one of the commissioners, and attended several of the previous consultations; but he retired into the country before the unhappy monarch was arraigned. He, however, approved of the sentence; and when, at Copenhagen, after the Revolution, it was observed to him one day, in company, that he had not been *guilty* of the late King's death, he indignantly replied, '*Guilty!* do you call that *Guilt*? Why it was the justest and the bravest action that ever was done in England or any where else.' But when, during his exile, a plan to assassinate the Prince of Wales was submitted to him, he promptly prevented the execution of it, and thus preserved the life of him who, afterwards, when he was Charles II., took his own.

Cromwell, under the title of protector, having seized the sovereignty, Sydney, an enemy to tyrants of every name, retired to the Hague, where he became acquainted with De Witt, the celebrated Dutch statesman, in whom he found a kindred spirit. At the restoration of the Long Parliament he returned to England, and accepted an appointment, with two distinguished persons, to mediate a peace between Denmark and Sweden. This gave him an opportunity of displaying his peculiar talents greatly to the honour of his country as well as of himself. Would that there were *now* so spirited, upright, and unyielding a champion of justice to mediate peace between Sweden and Denmark's "better half" (Norway,) recently divorced by the one, and violently wooed by the other! By the time this negotiation was concluded, Charles II. had been restored to the throne of his father, and Sydney, though strongly urged by General Monk to return, not deeming himself safe, retired to Italy. In a letter to a friend, written at the very commencement of Charles's reign, he sagaciously anticipates its evils and its errors.

' But when that country of mine, which used to be esteemed a paradise, is now like to be made a stage of injury; the liberty which we hoped to establish oppressed; luxury and lewdness set up in its height, instead of the piety, virtue, sobriety, and modesty, which we hoped, God, by our hands, would have introduced; the best of our nation made a prey to the worst; the parliament, court, and army, corrupted; the people enslaved; all things vendible; no man safe, but by such evil and infamous means, as flattery and bribery; what joy can I have in my own country in this condition? Is it a pleasure to see, that all I love in the world is sold and destroyed? Shall I renounce all my old principles, learn the vile court-arts, and make my peace by bribing some of them? Shall their corruption and vice be my safety? Ah! no; better is a life among strangers, than in my own country upon such conditions. Whilst I live, I will endeavour to preserve my liberty; or at least not consent to the destroying of it. I hope I shall die in the same principles in which I have lived, and will live no longer than they can preserve me.' pp. 77, 78.

We shall not follow the fugitive patriot in his long wanderings, during which he was a curious and interested spectator of the intrigues and contentions of foreign cabinets. The death of Cardinal Mazarine, prime minister of France, in 1661, caused great speculation concerning the person and politics of his successor. Sydney, after mentioning in a letter several who had been talked of as candidates, thus shrewdly develops the character of the French court.

' If the king would take one of the *squadrone volante*, it were easy to find a man that would be without exceptions in his person,

and perfectly free from any interest prejudicial to that of France. But nothing is more improbable, than that a man known only by reputation, should be chosen for so great a work. I speak in this the fancies of others. I have no other opinion of my own, than that he will be chosen that can find most favour with the ladies, and that can with most dexterity reconcile their interests, and satisfy their passions. I look upon their thoughts as more important, than those of the king and all his council; and their humour as of more weight than the most considerable interest of France; and those reasons which here appear to be of most force will not be at all regarded.' p. 113..

In France there has been for ages, a law called the Salic Law, by which females are cut off from the inheritance of the throne, yet not only the above quotation, but the whole history of that country proves, that no nation has been more frequently or more flagrantly under female government,—and consequently under the caprice of the most worthless and shameless part of the sex.

But while the governments and manners of foreign lands were subjects of amusement or speculation to Sydney in his exile, his heart was secretly bleeding for the degradation of his own country. During this long period, his circumstances were narrow, the supplies of money which he received from his offended father being few and uncertain. Resigning himself patiently to his hard fortune, he sometimes enjoyed a degree of happiness, which his persecutors might have envied. He thus beautifully describes his leisure at Belvedere, where Pope Innocent, for a time, allowed him apartments.

'Nature, art, and treasure can hardly make a place more pleasant than this. The description of it would look more like poetry than truth. A Spanish lady, coming not long since to see this house, seated on a large plain, out of the middle of a rock, and a river brought to the top of the mountain, with the walks and fountains, ingeniously desired those that were present, not to pronounce the name of our Saviour, lest it should dissolve this beautiful enchantment. We have passed the solstice, and I have not yet had occasion to complain of heat, which in Rome is very excessive, and hath filled the town with sickness, especially that part of it where I lived. Here is what I look for, health, quiet, and solitude. I am with some eagerness fallen to reading, and find so much satisfaction in it, that though I every morning see the sun rise, I never go abroad until six or seven of the clock at night; yet cannot I be so sure of my temper, as to know certainly how long this manner of life will please me. I cannot but rejoice a little to find, that when I wander as a vagabond through the world, forsaken of my friends, and known only to be a broken limb of a shipwrecked faction; I yet find humanity and civility from those who are in the height of fortune and reputation. But I do also well know, I am in a strange land, how far those civilities do extend, and that they are too airy to feed or clothe a man.' p. 129.

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The following passage shews a mind rich in its own resources, which finds time most precious when it has the greatest portion of it at his own disposal, and of least value when it is shared with company and tumult. Vulgar minds are the most occupied in a crowd,—great minds when they are alone.

‘ He that is naked, alone, and without help in the open sea, is less unhappy in the night, when he may hope the land is near, than in the day, when he sees it is not, and that there is no possibility of safety. Whilst I was at Rome, I wrote letters without much pain, since I had not so divided my time as to be very sensible of losing an hour or two: now I am alone, time grows much more precious unto me, and I am very unwilling to lose any part of it.’ p. 130.

Retiring into the north of Europe, he meditated a plan to enter the service of the Emperor of Germany, with a body of troops, which he proposed to raise among his old republican companions at home. For this strange purpose he solicited his father’s intercession, to obtain for him an assurance of his being permitted to reside a few months with his family, till he could convey himself, and others who were in the same condition, so far from England, that, to use his own expression, ‘ those who hate us may give over suspecting us.’ The plan was rejected; and being driven to extremity, Sydney, with some of his banished comrades, urged, first the Dutch, and afterwards the French Government, to invade England for the purpose of restoring the Commonwealth. This project also came to nothing, and Sydney was allowed afterwards to live quietly ten years, under the avowed protection of Louis XIV. An anecdote is related of him, strikingly characteristic of his haughty and stubborn independence, at the time when he was enjoying an asylum, and perhaps experiencing the bounty of this self-willed monarch.

‘ The King of France having taken a fancy to a fine English horse, on which he had seen him mounted at a chace, requested that he would part with it at his own price. On his declining the proposal, the king, determined to take no denial, gave orders to tender him money or to seize the horse. Sydney, on hearing this, instantly took a pistol and shot it, saying, “ that his horse was born a free creature, had served a free man, and should not be mastered by a king of slaves.”’ p. 151.

During this period of rest from persecution, it is said he composed his *Discourses concerning Government*, which were not published till after his death, and yet it is understood that they cost him his life; garbled passages from these abstract speculations having been perverted at his trial into substantial treason. From this work, which has been more renowned than read, we shall copy a description of France, under the reign of

its most splendid monarch. The picture, drawn by this keen eye-witness is indeed loathsome and horrible, but, on the whole, it is without doubt a faithful delineation.

‘Notwithstanding the present pride of France, the numbers and warlike inclinations of that people, the bravery of the nobility, extent of dominion, convenience of situation, and the vast revenues of their king, his greatest advantages have been gained by the mistaken counsels of England, the valour of our soldiers unhappily sent to serve him, and the strangers of whom the strength of his armies consists: which is so unsteady a support, that many, who are well versed in affairs of this nature, incline to think, he subsists rather by little arts, and corrupting ministers in foreign courts, than by the power of his own armies; and that some reformation in the counsels of his neighbours, might prove sufficient to overthrow that greatness, which is grown formidable to Europe, the same misery to which he has reduced his people, rendering them as unable to defend him, upon any change of fortune, as to defend their own rights against him.’

‘We have already said enough to obviate the objections that may be drawn from the prosperity of the French monarchy. The beauty of it is false and painted. There is a rich and haughty king, who is blessed with such neighbours as are not likely to disturb him, and has nothing to fear from his miserable subjects. But the whole body of that state is full of boils, and wounds, and putrid sores: there is no real strength in it. The people are so unwilling to serve him, that he is said to have put to death, above fourscore thousand of his own soldiers, within the space of fifteen years, for flying from their colours: and, if he were vigorously attacked, little help could be expected from a discontented nobility, or a starving and despairing people.’

‘Notwithstanding the seeming prosperity of France, the warlike temper of that people is so worn out by the frauds and cruelties of corrupt officers, that few men enlist themselves willingly to be soldiers; and, when they are engaged or forced, they are so little able to endure the miseries to which they are exposed, that they daily run away from their colours, though they know not whither to go, and expect no mercy if they are taken. The king has in vain attempted to correct this humour, by the severity of martial law. But men’s minds will not be forced; and though his troops are perfectly well armed, clothed, and exercised, they have given many testimonies of little worth.’

‘Though I do not delight to speak of the affairs of our own time, I desire those who know the present state of France to tell me, whether it were possible for the king to keep that nation under servitude, if a vast revenue did not enable him to gain so many to his particular service, as are sufficient to keep the rest in subjection. And, if this be not enough, let them consider, whether all the dangers, that now threaten us at home, do not proceed from the madness of those, who gave such a revenue, as is utterly disproportionable to the riches of the nation, unsuitable to the modest behaviour expected from our kings, and which in time will render parliaments unnecessary to them.’

‘ France, in outward appearance, makes a better shew: but nothing in this world is more miserable than that people, under the fatherly care of their triumphant monarch. The best of their condition is like asses and mastiff dogs; to work and fight; to be oppressed and killed for him; and those among them, who have any understanding, well know that their industry, courage, and good success, is not only unprofitable, but destructive to them; and that, by increasing the power of their master, they add weight to their own chains’ pp. 216—221.

In 1677, by the court-interest of the Earl, his father, he obtained permission to visit England for the purpose of arranging his private affairs; but though he avowed his determination to return to France *as soon as he had settled a Chancery Suit*, this very condition insured him a permanent residence. His father dying soon after his arrival, and having never been cordially reconciled to Algernon’s public conduct, bequeathed him legacies to the amount of little more than five thousand pounds, part of which his brother litigated with him, but it was finally decided in his favour. On this slender provision, with some property of no great value, which he had previously enjoyed, independent on his father, Sydney spent the remainder of his days, as an exile in his native land, his affections being manifestly alienated from it, and fixed on a Utopia, that existed in the creation of his own mind. He repeatedly attempted however to get into Parliament, and though his attempts were as repeatedly frustrated by court-influence and intrigue, he fearlessly raised his voice in public against those measures of the government, which appeared to him most pernicious. Suspected, hated, and feared, as he knew himself to be, there was certainly more intrepidity than prudence in this patriotic forwardness; it was like living on a scaffold, and laying his head on the block, in desperate scorn of the executioner’s axe, to try how often he could escape the blow, by lifting it up again. Nor did he shrink from meeting his direst enemy, the king, face to face. On one occasion,

‘ Understanding that he had been accused to the king, as engaged in a plot of the *non-conformists*, he obtained an audience, and clearly exposed the absurdity of the charge: since nothing, he maintained, could be more repugnant to his feelings, than a measure which must eventually unite the papists and the crown. Yet his enemies persevered in their attacks, and, if the wretched scheme had not miscarried, designed to involve him in the *meal-tub plot*. And, when he was merely looking over a balcony, to see what passed at an election of sheriffs, he was indicted for a riot in the city.’ p. 171.

Between the time of ‘*the Meal Tub Plot*,’ the lure which he escaped, and that of ‘*the Rye House Plot*,’ that by which he was betrayed, he made himself conspicuous by opposing, with

his utmost influence, the scheme of an alliance meditated by Sir William Temple and others, between England, Holland, and Spain, against France. In the progress of this affair, he is accused of having accepted two sums of money, of five hundred guineas each, from Barillon, a French minister at the court of London. On what conditions, or for what services, these sums were paid to him, or whether they were ever paid to him at all, cannot now be very clearly ascertained. That he was not a solitary pensioner on the bounty of France, appears from his answer to the ambassador D'Avaux, when soliciting his interest to prevent the alliance above-mentioned. 'While the king of France,' said he, 'is assisting the king of England with sums of money, which may at once render him independent of the Parliament, and subservient to a foreign country, an alliance with the States General may, in turn, become expedient to controul his power.' Of M. Barillon, who is thus immortalized for having corrupted the most haughty and unbending republican of the age, Sydney himself humourously and contemptuously says :

'You know, Monsieur de Barillon governs us, if he be not mistaken; but he seems not to be so much pleased with that, as to find his *embonpoint* increased, by the moistness of our air, by frequently clapping his hands upon his thighs, shewing the delight he hath in the sharpness of the sound, that testifies the plumpness and hardness of his flesh; and certainly, if this climate did not nourish him better than any other the hairs of his nose, and nails of his fingers, could not grow so fast, as to furnish enough of the one to pull out, and of the other to cut off, in all companies, which being done, he picks his ears with as good a grace as my Lord La.' p. 182.

Having already greatly extended this article, we hasten over the lesser incidents of Sydney's life, to notice, in very few words, his arrest, trial, and execution in 1683, under the pretence of his being concerned in the Rye House Plot, a real or pretended scheme for the assassination of the King and the Duke of York, on their return from Newmarket. Sydney, Lord William Russel, the younger Hampden, Lord Grey and a weak being called Lord Howard, who afterwards turned evidence against his comrades, had frequently held private meetings, which were suspected to be for the purposes of maturing plans to overthrow the Royal Authority, and re-establish the Commonwealth. Sydney's intimacy with these persons gave a colour to his arrest as an accomplice in the Rye House Plot, with which he appears to have had not even the slightest connexion. Disdaining to see, though his intended apprehension was publicly spoken of, he permitted himself and his papers to be seized. Had he concealed or destroyed the latter, even Judge Jefferies must have failed to convict him; and though *with* these writings

none but a Jefferies *could* have convicted him, yet in such hands they were converted into warrants for his execution. Treason was deduced from his thoughts,—his unuttered thoughts, for they were unpublished,—since it could not be deduced either from his conduct or conversation; and his speculative theories concerning government in the abstract, were interpreted into acts of conspiracy years after they had been composed, during which time they had slumbered in his study, whence his persecutors themselves brought them to light, and were the first and the only promulgators of them, in his life-time! Sydney defended himself with undaunted fortitude, and unanswerable arguments; but he was finally condemned, not because he was found guilty, but because *he was to be* condemned. The circumstances of the trial are given at great length in this volume, and to it we must refer those of our readers, who are curious to understand the merits of the case. We will remark by the way, (as we have no room for particular criticism,) that Mr. Meadley, the Author, has few pretensions as a writer, except to tolerable industry, and a plain style of narrative: there is nothing striking either in his reasoning or reflections. Of his hero we must also take leave rather abruptly. In the short interval between his trial and execution, Sydney drew up an appeal to posterity on the injustice of his fate. We feel pleasure in quoting the following passage, as better evidence of the faith that was in him, than any thing we have found in his previous conduct or writings.

‘I know that my Redeemer lives; and, as he hath, in a great measure, upheld me in the day of my calamity, hope that he will still uphold me by his spirit in this last moment, and, giving me grace to glorify him in my death, receive me into the glory prepared for those that fear him, when my body shall be dissolved.’

We remember nothing in the life or death of any political confessor, more sublime or affecting than Sydney’s reply to the executioner, while his head was on the fatal block;—his last words were worthy of the lips of a martyr.

‘On the morning of the 7th of December, the sheriffs again proceeded to the Tower, and, about ten o’clock, receiving Sydney from the hands of the lieutenant, after signing and sealing counter-parts of the indenture for his delivery, conducted him on foot, to the place of execution on Tower-hill. He was attended only by two of his brother’s servants. He ascended the scaffold with a firm, undaunted mien, worthy of the man, who set up Marcus Brutus for his model. He gave a paper, containing a manly vindication of his innocence, to the sheriffs, observing that, “he had made his peace with God, and had nothing more to say to men:” but he declined either reading, or having it read to the multitude, and offered to read

it, if it was not received. He then pulled off his hat, coat, and doublet, saying that "he was ready to die, and would give them no further trouble." He gave three guineas to the executioner, and perceiving the fellow grumble, as if the sum was inadequate, desired a servant to give him a guinea or two more. He then kneeled down, and, after a solemn pause of a few moments, calmly laid his head upon the block. Being asked by the executioner if he should rise again, he replied intrepidly, "not till the general resurrection;—strike on." The executioner obeyed the mandate, and severed his head from his body at a blow.'

Art. VI.—*Tixall Poetry*; with Notes and Illustrations. By Arthur Clifford, Esq. Editor of Sir Ralph Sadler's State Papers. 4to. pp. xl. 409. Price 2l. 2s. Longman and Co. 1813.

OUR sensations on opening this volume and surveying the huge mass of miscellaneous poetry which it comprises, though not of so ecstatic a nature as those of the Editor on opening the great trunk which contained the precious deposit, were not, in other respects, wholly dissimilar. Like him, we were at first 'appalled and daunted;' and though we did not exclaim

'Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!'

not anticipating much that would render the exclamation appropriate, we at length summoned up a degree of heroic resolution, and set about exploring its contents. Upon the whole, we have been sufficiently repaid for our labour, as the preface which had conciliated us by its amusing details, given with all the minuteness and zeal of an antiquary, prepared us for what we were to expect in these 'occasional effusions of ladies and gentlemen,' in the reign of Charles the First 'writing verses to occupy their leisure, and for their mutual entertainment,' without any intention, probably, of publication. The Editor ingenuously applies to them the character which Pope, in a letter to Cromwell, gives of the poetry of Crashaw, and which is well worth transcribing.

'I take this poet to have writ like a gentleman, that is, at leisure hours, and more to keep out idleness, than to establish a reputation: so that nothing regular or just can be expected of him. All that regards design, form, fable, (which is the soul of poetry) all that concerns exactness, or consent of parts (which is the body,) will probably be wanting: only pretty conceptions, fine metaphors, glittering expressions, and something of a neat cast of verse (which are properly the dress, gems, or loose ornaments of poetry,) may be found in these verses. This is, indeed, the case of most other poetical writers of miscellanies: nor can it be well otherwise, *since no man can be a true poet who writes for diversion only.* These authors

should be considered as versifiers and witty men, rather than as poets: and under this head will fall the thoughts, the expression, and the numbers. *These are only the pleasing part of poetry*, which may be judged of at a view, and comprehended all at once: and (to express myself like a painter) their colouring entertains the sight, but the lines and life of the picture are not to be inspected too narrowly.'

As the interest of such productions essentially depends on their authenticity, Mr. Clifford was right in obviating all doubt on this subject by the particulars furnished in the preface relative to their discovery. Soon after the publication of Sir Ralph Sadler's state papers, he 'happened to make a visit' at Tixall, where he suspected that some valuable manuscripts in addition to those actually in the library, might still be found by a diligent search, as Sir Walter, afterwards Lord Aston, who married the grand-daughter and heiress of Sir Ralph Sadler, and whose family long continued to reside at Tixall, had been twice ambassador in Spain during the reigns of James I. and Charles I. His inquiries were crowned with complete success.

'Besides an additional packet of letters, which had belonged to Sir Ralph Sadler and which contain some further particulars, respecting the confinement of the Queen of Scotland, in Tutbury Castle I discovered, 1. All the poems which now offer to the public, under the title of Tixall Poetry; 2. A large quantity of letters, and other papers, relating to the Aston family; 3. A complete collection of the state papers, and letters, of Sir Walter Aston, during his two embassies in Spain.

'The reader will judge of the vast mass of papers I had to wade through, and of the extent of my labour and perseverance, when I inform him that I was almost continually occupied for about ten days from breakfast to dinner, and frequently an hour or more before breakfast, and another in the evening before I beheld the bottom of the trunk.'

The head of many an antiquary has been turned by a discovery of very far less importance than this. Here was abundant food for soliloquy and speculation to the philosophical or sentimental essayist,—for the intellectual botanist, whose delight it is to pore over the dried specimens of other ages, not so much to inhale their remaining and imperishable fragrance, or to contemplate their beauty, as to analyze their external form, their variations from others of the same species, to observe their minute configuration, and sift the very dust which envelops them! What a mysterious charm does the obscurity of age throw over the simplest relic of the past! That the hand which framed it has long since mouldered into dust, that the heart which gave the impulse or felt the pleasure of achievement has long ceased to beat, that the feelings and the joys once linked with the scenes

or the productions we contemplate are all over, are sufficient to awaken our sympathy, and to employ the imagination with a thousand busy associations. We feel to belong ourselves to a successive, not a contemporary race of beings, and while we are anxiously curious to know how those who were our predecessors, but are now, as to this world, nothing, looked, and thought, and felt, we cannot avoid the recollection that hints as dim as those which guide our researches into their history, will be all that will one day remain of what we were. We survey the record of the once sentient and active human being, conscious of a common nature and a common destiny.

‘ He saw whatever thou hast seen,
Encountered all that troubles thee :
He was—whatever thou hast been ;
He is—what thou shalt be.’

The moral, however, is one of the last things which a thorough antiquary would think of searching for ; but Mr. Clifford is something better ; - he is a poet ; and he has apostrophized the venerable remains of Tixall in a poem subjoined to the Preface, from which we might be tempted to extract some pleasing lines, if it were not high time to proceed to give some specimens of the Tixall Poems. The following is extracted from the first division of the work, entitled ‘ Poems collected by the Hon. Herbert Aston, 1658.’ The idea is simple and striking, though it is much too attenuated in the expression.

‘ On the death of Mr. Morgan, whose last words were “ O God, what is man.”’

‘ As sad Symiramis was sate
Hard by the window of her cell,
To teach a note more passionate
Unto her sister Philomell ;

Halfe sighing, and halfe singing she
Thus to the bird : Cease to repine
Thy brother’s cruelty to thee,
And weepe with me the fall of mine.

Weepe, weepe with me the fate of him,
Who, at his life’s extended spaun,
Left me the burden of this hymne ;
O God, O God, O what is man !

The bird heard all, and soone replied ;
Sweet, cease thy brother to bewaile ;
(It was an angell lately try’d
The feathers of a nightingale :)

Oh, cease thy brother’s fate to moane,
Transfer’d to heaven’s more blest abode,
And sing with me this nobler tone,
O man, O man, O what is God !

He breathes in our seraphicke fire.
 Feeds in our starry milkye road,
 And sings in our eternall quire,
 O man, O man, O what is God?— pp. 70, 71.

From the Poems by the Honourable Mrs. Henry Thimelby,
 we extract an Epitaph on a sweet little boy by Sir William
 Persall.

‘ Stay, courteous passenger, this stone
 Sayes something that concerns each one.
 If maydes and bachelors, that wed
 For pledges of their marriage bed,
 Here may they fix their hearts, and wish
 For such a lovely boy as this.
 But oh, it will allay desire,
 So soone your noblest sparkes expire.
 If you be loving parents, here’s
 A jewel richly worth your teares.
 Yet know, although you shed amaine
 It cannot be redeemed againe.’ p. 105.

Some lines addressed to Sir William and his Lady on a
 similar afflicting occasion, conclude with the following couplets,
 which for terseness and point are equal to any thing in Waller’s
 poems.

‘ It were a sin to wish her here againe ;
 But pardon if I say that all the paine
 Of such a losse, belongs not so to you,
 But we may challenge equal portions too.
 We rivall not, but thus our title prove,
 Tho’y ours by nature she was ours by love.’ p. 104.

Our next specimen is a poem of a very different cast, but
 interesting from its allusions to the cant phrases and politics of
 the day. The versification is uncommonly correct and flowing,
 the covert sarcasm highly dexterous, and indeed, in all respects,
 the poem is perfect in its kind.

A NEW REMONSTRANCE

TO HIS MALIGNANT MISTRESSE.

Since Beauty’s such a tyrant growne
 In thee, I’ll now discover,
 What grievances can ne’ere be borne
 By any freeborne Lover.

Nor is my hart rebellious growne,
Since thou art still betraying,
The trust and power of Beauty's throne,
It finds no more obaying.

My loves benevolence, I say,
Though deue was freely given ;
Without a parlament, I'l pay
No subsidy to Heaven.

A routed faith, a plundred love,
And a sequestred deuty,
Are taxe and impost good enough
For thy delinquent beauty.

Call not my harts free homage, scant
Allegiance pay'd unto thee,
Least it engage, and covenant
New fealtys to undoe thee.

Revoake not back the life you give,
I'l die no doating martyr,
But question thy prerogative,
If thou repeale my charter.

Strive not thy Babell towre to build,
Or arme gainst love's free citty ;
Scorne's high commission-court may yield
To freedomes grand committy.

Tempt not with thy new minion's pride
My love to wrath abetted ;
Felton had not a knife more tryed,
Nor Pymme a tongue more whetted.

Nor thinke thy force, or thy deceit,
Of art or arme can out me ;
Love has his Ferfaxes to beat,
And Crumwells too to rowt thee.' pp. 54—6.

Poems collected by the Right Honourable Lady Aston occupy the third division. Almost all of them have appeared in print before, scattered through different miscellaneous collections, or attached to the works of dramatic authors. Of this fact, however, the Editor was not aware till too late. As a collection made at the time by a lady of quality and of taste, it is still curious ; and the pieces, if not generally of very superior merit, will probably be new to most of our readers. The lines in *Italics* in the following verses addressed ' To Sleep ' were wanting in the original MSS. and were supplied

by the Editor. They are to be found, with considerable variations, in Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedy of 'Valentinian.'

'Care-charming sleepe, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death, gently thyself dispose
On this afflicted wight; fall like a cloud
In gentle showers, give nothing that is loud,
Or painfull to his slumber; ease is sweet,
When soothing dreams the wearied fancy cheat.

'And as faire purling streams, thou son of night,
In softest, sweetest, murmurs of delight
Passe by his troubled sences, sing his paines,
Like hollow murmuring winds, or silver raines,
Unto thy selfe gently: O, gently glide
And kisse him into slumbers like a bride.' p. 134.

We are tempted to find room for some charming lines, as the Editor justly styles them, which are given in the notes, from a curious little miscellany, entitled 'Westminster Drollery, or a choice collection of the newest songs and poems, both at court and the theatres. By a person of quality, London 1671.'

A Song at the Duke's House.

'O! fain would I, before I die,
Bequeath to thee a legacy;
'That thou maist say, when I am gone,
None had my heart but thou alone!
Had I as many hearts as hairs,
As many lives as lover's tears,
As many lives as years have hours,
They all and onely should be yours.
Dearest, before you condescend
To entertain a bosom friend,
Before your liberty you sell,
Be sure you know your servant well:
For love's a fire in young and old,
'Tis sometimes hot, and sometimes cold;
And men you know that when they please,
They can be sick of love's disease.
Then wisely chuse a friend that may
Last for an age, and not a day;
Who loves thee not for lip or eye,
But for thy mutual sympathie:
Let such a friend thy heart engage,
For he will comfort thee in age;
And kiss thy furrowed wrinkled brow
With as much joy as I do now.' p. 366.

This is worth whole volumes of 'Unperishable Love,' and 'Mirtillo,' and 'On his mistress going a voyage,' and 'The Irresistible Beauty,' and 'Philander and Phillis,' &c. &c.

'The poems in the fourth and last division,' says Mr. Clifford, 'consist of such pieces, as I found totally unconnected with each other, and written on backs of letters, or other scraps of paper. I have prefixed to them, a 'Pindaric Ode,' by Dryden; two small poems, by Sir Richard Fanshawe; one by Sidney Godolphin; and one by Valler: all of which I found in the old trunk, and which, I believe, are now published for the first time.' The Ode is certainly in Dryden's careless manner, with here and there a touch which betrays a master's hand, but neither of these poems, we venture to think, would have remained in the Tixall chest, with any great detriment to the fame of its author. The Poem entitled Ephelia, and the Reply, are written with considerable energy and are well deserving of preservation; but we have no room for their insertion. The 'Ode on Mr. Abraham Cowley's retirement,' which the notes inform us, was written by Mrs. Catherine Philips, on whose death Cowley wrote a monody, is highly creditable to that lady's genius. It begins

'No, no, unfaithful world, thou hast
Too long my easy heart betray'd.'

We give the second stanza.

'In my remote and humble seat
Now I'me again possest
Of that late fugitive my breast.
From all thy tumults, and from all thy heat,
I'll find a quiet and a coole retreat:
And on the fetters I have worne
Looke with experienc'd and revengefull scorne:

'In this my sov'rain privacy,
'Tis true I cannot govern thee;
But yet myself I may subdue,
And 'tis the nobler empire of the two.
If every passion had got leave
Its satisfaction to receive,
Yet I would it a higher pleasure call,
To conquer one, than to indulge them all.

We are afraid of extending this article beyond all reasonable limits, but we think no apology will be necessary for subjoining the fourth stanza, and part of the fifth, which, especially considering the date of the poem, are of no ordinary beauty.

'No other wealth will I aspire
But that of nature to admire;

Nor envy on a laurell will bestow,
 While there do any in my garden grow.
 And when I would be great,
 'Tis but ascending to a seat,
 Which nature in a lofty rock hath built ;
 A throne as free from trouble, as from guilt ;
 Where when my soul her wings doth raise,
 Above what worldlings fear or praise,
 With innocence, and quiet pride, I'll sit,
 And see the humble waves pay tribute to my feet :
 Oh ! life divine, when free from joys diseas'd !
 Not alwais merry, but 'tis alwais pleas'd.

' A heart, which is too great a thing
 To be a present for a Persian king,
 Which God himselfe would have to be his court,
 Where angels would officiously resort,
 From its own hight would much decline,
 If this converse it should ressigne,
 Ill-natur'd world for thine.
 Thy unwise rigour hath thy empire lost,
 It hath not only set me free,
 But it hath made me see,
 They only can of thy possession boast,
 Who do enjoy thee least, and understand thee most.

pp. 235—7.

At page 320, there is a very pleasing poem, in the same strain, entitled *Retirement*, which the Editor afterwards discovered, with some variations, in 'a Collection of Miscellaneous Poems, Letters, &c. By Mr. Brown, &c. London 1699.' It is an imitation of a French ode, by St. Evremond. As it is short, we may venture to transcribe it.

' Whatever sins by turns have sway'd me,
 Ambition never reach'd my heart ;
 Its lewd pretences ne'er betray'd me,
 In publick ills to act a part.

' Let others, fame or wealth pursuing,
 Despise a mean but safe retreat ;
 I'll ne'er contrive my own undoing,
 Nor stoop so low as to be great.

' The faithless court, the pensive 'change,
 What solid pleasures can they give ?
 Oh let me in the country range,
 'Tis there we breathe, 'tis there we live.

' The beauteous scene of lofty mountains,
 Smiling valleys, murmuring fountains,
 Lambs in flowery pastures bleating,
 Ecchos our complaints repeating :

Birds in cheerfull notes expressing
Nature's bounty, and their blessing;
Bees with busy sounds delighting,
Groves to gentle sleep inviting;
Whisp'ring winds the poplars courting,
Swains in rustic circles sporting;
These afford a lasting pleasure,
Without guilt and without measure.'

There are some fine lines on 'Conscience,' by Sir Edward Sherburne, but they may be found in his works. Chalmers's poets, vol. vi. p. 632. The Domesday Thought, ascribed to Mr. Flatman, is a happy specimen of the quaint morality so characteristic of the poetry of the age.

' Oft when I hear a blustering wind
With a tempestuous murmur join'd,
I fancy, Nature in this blast,
Practises how to breathe her last:
Or sighs for poor man's misery,
Or pants for fair eternity.

' Go to the dull church-yard, and see
Those hillocks of mortality,
Where proudest man is only found
By a small swelling in the ground.
What crouds of carcases are made
Slaves to the pick-axe and the spade!
Dig but a foot or two, to make
A cold bed for thy dead friend's sake,
'Tis odds, but in that scanty room,
Thou robb'st another of his tomb;
Or, in thy delving, smit'st upon
A shin-bone, or a cranion.' p. 249.

The following two poems, one entitled 'The Immortality of Poesie; to Envy,' in imitation of Ovid. Amor. Lib. 1. Eleg. 15, which the Editor believes to be the production of Mr. John Evelyn, son of the celebrated author of the "Sylva," &c. and the other by Habington, author of "Castara," entitled 'Cupio dissolvi. St. Paule,' merit a place in any future *Anthology* to consist of poems of this period. There is a vast quantity of trash, which has found its way into 'the complete works of the English poets,' which might well be swept away to make room for the select works of neglected authors, and the fugitive foundlings, who, for want of a parent's name, have been refused admission into the corporate body of poets. Among the neglected poets, old Quarles, with all his absurdities and quiddities, deserves particular attention. The following epitaph, 'On Argalus and Parthenia,' is supposed to be his.

‘ His being was in her alone,
 And he not being she was none.
 They joy’d one joy, one grief they grieved,
 One love they lov’d, one life they liv’d.
 The hand was one, one was the sword,
 That did his death her death afford.
 As all the rest, so now the stone
 That tombs the two is justly one.’ pp. 276.

At p. 297. occurs a poem ascribed to Sir Henry Wotton, entitled, ‘*Rusticatio religiosi in vacantiis*,’ which deserves preservation. The poem, ‘to Mrs. E. T. saying she could not be afraid of my ghost’, has some sparkling lines and happy allusions, but it is too long, and the stanzas are very unequal. We had marked for quotation ‘the Fairies’ song,’ at p. 305, but can spare room only for the first three stanzas.

‘ Wee dance on hills above the wind,
 And leave our footsteps there behind,
 Which shall to after ages last,
 When all our dancing dayes are past.

‘ Sometimes we dance upon the shore
 To whisteling winds and seas that roare
 Then wee make the wind to blow,
 And sett the seas a dancing too.

‘ The thunder’s noise is our delight,
 And lightning makes us day by night,
 And in the ayre we dance on high,
 To the loud musick of the sky.’

The last three stanzas of this poem are most unfortunately discordant with these truly poetical conceits : whether the writer descended to the ridiculous by mere natural tendency, or through wilfulness, the effect is equally unhappy. We should be glad to give the whole of ‘a Contemplation upon the shortness and shallowness of human knowledge,’ as well as ‘the Dirge,’ and ‘Life a preparation for Eternity,’ did not our limits imperiously forbid further extracts. The former of these is to be found, we are informed, in ‘Howell’s Letters,’ ‘one of the most amusing and instructive volumes of the 17th century.’ The specimen certainly possesses considerable merit.—

We have judged it allowable to indulge ourselves in these copious extracts from the work before us, as the costly size of the volume will render it in a measure inaccessible to general readers ; and few, perhaps, of its purchasers will be disposed to rake through the whole collection for the sake of the pearls which are mingled with so many beads and so much tinsel. The volume is valuable principally as affording materials to the Editors of future ‘Specimens’ or Anthologia, and as il-

illustrating the history of English poetry. With the exception of the pieces we have selected or referred to, and perhaps a few others, the contents of the volume are no farther interesting than as they are objects of curiosity. In turning over the pages, we imagined ourselves in the venerable pile of Tixall, seated before the ancient trunk containing the Aston papers, and the perusal of each uncouth or trite and puerile production conjured up a number of fanciful associations and suppositions, connected with the manners and events of the age in which they were composed. The circumstance of the collection itself is interesting, the more so from the traits of domestic feeling and the references to domestic history, which are scattered through it, and which serve to bring us into contact with the authors themselves. There is a passage in a letter from Mrs. Constance Fowler to her brother Henry Aston, dated 1636, given in the Preface, which, on this account, is very amusing.

'I have not received yet those copies of verses you promised me for sending your box to Mr. Henry Thimelby, therefore I beseech you not to forget them, for I have a long time much longed for them. And indeed I could almost find in my hart to quarrel with you, and to conclude my letter with it; for I have written to you I know not how often, and begged of you most pittifully that you would send mee some verses of your owne makeing, and yet you never would, when you know I love them more then can bee expressed. And in one of your letters, rather then you would send any of them to poore me, you writte word you had none, when I am sure you cannot chuse but thinke I know that is impossieble. And therefore pray see how hardly you deale with mee, when I have sent you all the verses that I could gett perpetuly, never omitting the sending of any that I could get that were good ones. Therefore I desire you will make an end of the quarrell, with sending mee some as sune as you can; for I assure you they cannot come to one that will more esteeme them than your ever most affectionat sister to serve you, Constance F.'

After all that may be said of genius, the permanent interest of poetry—its essential vitality—consists in its being employed as the medium of expressing those simple, universal feelings, which secure the sympathy of every age. It is obvious that with the higher objects of poetry, as connected with that fair ideal which awakens the enthusiasm of genius, or with those deep and mysterious feelings which are drawn from the hidden sources of the breast only by study and quiet meditation—with any higher object in fact, than the amusement of the hour, the writers of the greater part of these poems had no acquaintance, much less any communion. Or if at times their feelings were raised to a pitch above their usual tone, it was, probably, more from accident than intellectual effort. Nevertheless, as ex-

pressive of natural and simple emotions and sentiments, and as instrumental in promoting their development and culture, poetry was, even to them, something better than its design, which was mere amusement; and its object was so far answered, and its power to interest rendered so far perpetual, as the writers employed their efforts in the expression of genuine feeling and the touching representation of truth. What redeem the false wit, the puerile conceits, the tame diffuseness, and the lawless licence of the productions of the 17th century—qualities which are only accidentally interesting, and certainly not imitable by a more polished age—are the artless pathos, or gaiety, or quaint humour, which are their occasional characteristics, and their being generally so true to our common nature.

Art. VII.—1. *Memoirs of a celebrated Literary and Political Character*, from the Resignation of Sir Robert Walpole, in 1742, to the Establishment of Lord Chatham's Second Administration, in 1757; containing Strictures on some of the most distinguished Men of that Time. A New Edition.—8vo. pp. 170. Price 7s. 6d. Murray, 1814.

2. *An Inquiry concerning the Author of the Letters of Junius*, with reference to the "Memoirs of a celebrated Literary and Political Character." 8vo. pp. 114. Price 5s. 6d. Murray, 1814.

A VERY considerable proportion of the present readers of Junius must, to be consistent with their political feelings and opinions, detest the productions of that writer. They must, therefore, be pleased with any circumstance tending to diminish the influence by which they may judge that a part of the community is liable to be still affected and perverted, from so memorable an example of daring and unpunished hostility to what a multitude of excellent preceptors of Filmer's school have been incessantly exhorting mankind unconditionally to revere. To this effect of diminishing the influence, a little has probably been contributed by the recent publication of the enlarged edition. That edition has brought out a large assemblage of the same writer's compositions, many of them so sensibly inferior, and indeed the mass of them, estimated collectively, so inferior, to the prevailing quality of his more splendid labours, as to have effected some slight modification of the impression which he had made by his appearance in the lofty and powerful character of Junius. For we are apt, though the rule may be of very doubtful justice, to depress our estimate of an author as low at least as the average quality of his works; and that average is obviously lowered by a quantity of considerably

inferior matter thus brought to be combined with the more admired productions in a general estimate.

In beholding this portion of the works, we seem as if we had been taken round to see the sloping, more accessible, and less forbidding side of an eminence which we had been accustomed to contemplate only on that side on which it is beheld as an awful and impending precipice.

While this mysterious personage loses somewhat of the commanding and over-awing aspect of his talents, by their being displayed in operations not so very much surpassing those of ordinary men, he has been made to confirm every conviction or surmise, which the readers of his letters, as Junius, might have been forced to entertain against the soundness and refinement of his moral principles.

The class of persons we have referred to, as deeming the political influence of his writings to be mischievous, pleased to see him, from the mode of his new appearance, losing somewhat of his power, may very justly be desirous of what would diminish it considerably more,—an absolute identification of his person. No fact is more familiar than that there is a strange power in mystery, which confers an imaginary, and, therefore, excessive magnitude on what it shrouds, and imparts a ghostly significance and preternatural emphasis to the voices heard from its dark and haunted recesses. We may confidently appeal to the strongest admirers of that unknown author, whether, though stimulated by their admiration to the keenest curiosity during the renewed and most active research, they have not felt, if, in any instance, the object so eagerly pursued has appeared on the point of being attained, somewhat of a disposition to wish that the proof might fail, an unwillingness that this one individual, or this other, coming forward in palpable substance, and under a plain, ordinary name, should take the place of the mysterious and formidable ‘shade.’ They thought that this person, and still that the next, was not of sufficiently commanding character to stand in the magnitude of Junius. But so they would have felt whoever might have been pretended or even proved to be the man. Their reluctance to admit a reality, was a kind of instinctive feeling that *no* real person could be so commanding an object as the one that imagination had imperfectly beheld behind the veil of mystery.

For ourselves we will confess that, though Junius is far enough from personating our ideal form of an all-accomplished censor of bad men, and bad times, he has, nevertheless, fixed himself as a being of so commanding aspect in our imagination, and we are, like all our race, so fond of *effect*, that we are disposed to be content that the secret should still and always defy investigation, as it has hitherto done; and we are indiffe-

rent whether the promoters of this last of the long series of distinct claims (those of about twenty individuals) shall prosecute the matter any further, with or without additional evidence, or not.

The new claimant is Mr. Glover, the writer of the epic poem of *Leonidas*, which may, perhaps, obtain a slight temporary renovation of notice in consequence of the manner in which its author is now brought forward. And certainly, these publications shew so many of the things required in the rightful pretender, actually meeting in the case of Mr. Glover, that we may well wonder how it could happen, that the almost preternatural vigilance of inquisition, excited during the publication of the formidable letters, should not have glanced on him. But, indeed, this very fact, if it was a fact, must be admitted to be, in some degree, a presumption against his being the author, when we consider to how many shrewd and interested persons he was well known. If none of them ever suspected him, while on such communicative terms with him, while perfectly acquainted with his temper and opinions as an active politician, and while apprized of his knowledge of the secrets and cabals of state, it would seem to go far towards proving that he did not, in their estimation, evince the kind or measure of talent displayed by Junius.

Still there are a number of concurring presumptions in his favour. His age comported with the severe maturity of mind indicated in the writings of Junius. He was born in 1712, and consequently was fifty-six or fifty-seven, at the time of the first appearance of that writer under that denomination; and at that period he might be said to have grown old in public business; for we are told that being 'an ardent politician, in the old Whig interest, he made a conspicuous figure in the city as early as 1739, and by his influence and activity was the means of setting aside the election to the mayoralty of a person who had voted in parliament with the court party.' But we will transcribe the paragraph in which the writer of the *Inquiry* draws into one view the particulars on which the presumption is founded in favour of Glover.

'He was an accomplished scholar, and had all the advantages that affluent circumstances and the best company could give. He was ever strongly attached to the principles of the constitution: his politics were those of Junius, and he was of the private councils of men in the highest station in the state, throughout the greater part of a long and active life. At the time the *Letters of Junius* were written, he had attained an age which could allow him, without vanity, to boast of an ample knowledge and experience of the world; and during the period of their publication he resided in London, and was engaged in no pursuits incompatible with his devoting his

time to their composition; so that, in his letter to Mr. Wilkes, he might justly say, "I offer you the sincere opinion of a man who perhaps has more leisure to make reflections than you have, and who, though he stands clear of business and intrigue, mixes sufficiently for the purposes of intelligence in the conversation of the world." Thus, agreeably to any hypothesis that has been formed of Junius, the character of Mr. Glover accurately corresponds.' *Inquiry*, pp. 31, 32.

The Editor of the enlarged edition of *Junius*, has brought together the distinguishing points which must meet in the right claimant to the honours of that author; the writer of the *Inquiry* has shewn that several others which might have been added, would but strengthen the evidence for Glover.

It appears that Junius was 'intimately acquainted with the concerns of the city, with trade, and the language of stock-jobbers; and that he was probably himself a citizen.'—'Junius also valued himself on his knowledge of finance.'—'Junius was also, most probably, an author of other works, the printing of which he personally superintended; for his corrections of the press shew that he was acquainted with the printer's private marks, and the peculiar manner of writing them: and in his confidential notes, which have been published, he uses the language of a man conversant with printers.'—'He could write poetry apparently with facility, as appears by a poem among his MSS.; consisting of six stanzas of four lines each, evidently written for Mr. Woodfall's personal gratification.'—'From reading the private notes to Woodfall, it appears that the author had a personal regard for him, and that he knew him thoroughly.'—Mr. Glover wrote some pieces for the stage; and the *Inquirer* finds some indications of a taste for dramatic writing in Junius's letters, under a different signature, to Lord Barrington, which have characters and scenes.

It has very reasonably been wondered how Junius, unless he were a man high in office, or of a rank to have habitual access to the court, could be so well acquainted with the characters, designs, intrigues, and secret quarrels and embarrassments, of the court and ministry; and supposing him to be of such office or rank, then the wonder was, by what miracle of management or good fortune a man so close under the inspection of so many suspicious and aggrieved observers, an individual of their own privileged and not numerous body, should have not only defied detection, but eluded suspicion. One part of the difficulty and wonder vanishes on the admission of Glover to be the man; for it is evident, from every part of the memoir, that he had been, as far forward as it reaches, and there is testimony that he was also, during the latter part of his life, in habits of easy inter-

course with a number of the leading persons in the state, and of the most confidential communication with several of them.

' He lived at this time "in habits of intimacy with Lord Cobham, Pitt, afterwards Lord Chatham, George Grenville, Lyttleton, Dodington, Waller, and other eminent political characters in opposition to the court party, and his visits were frequent at Leicester House," (the residence of the Prince of Wales.)

Other persons of great note were of his acquaintance, and especially he appears to have been on terms of the greatest kindness with George, afterwards Marquis Townsend, for whose character and talents he expresses very great respect. But here rises one of the strongest reasons to doubt his identity with Junius. For this very nobleman is spoken of with the utmost aversion and contempt in several of the letters which Mr. Woodfall has published in his sequel as the unquestionable composition of Junius;—though certainly the readers are not put in possession of any decisive proof of their being his. The Author of the Inquiry is sensible of this difficulty, and thus endeavours to obviate it.

' It must ever be borne in mind, that Glover's opinion of men, throughout his whole life, was governed by the consistency of their political conduct; and even in the character of Lord Townsend in the memoir, he concludes with a gloomy prospective view that he may have, at some future time, occasion to alter it. "May time, which impairs every external grace, produce no such change in his virtues, as may ever throw upon my pen the melancholy obligation of altering this character."

The contrast of terms, however, is so violent, and the condemnatory representation is so perfectly clear of any indication of regret at the necessity of such a reversal of the former estimate, displays so easy a complacency in hostility, and a contempt so satirical, that we really do feel a difficulty of conceiving they could exist in a mind moderately well conditioned toward a person who had been for many years a respected and endeared friend. It is the sort of *levity* of the enmity that strikes us as so unnatural and improbable in a mind with such recollections. A grave and somewhat pensive indignation might have comported well with the high Catonic principles of Glover. His character, indeed, is marked in a very extraordinary degree by the feature described in the above extract from the Inquiry. The Memoir manifests that he alternately approved and disapproved of the same men, with an emphasis amounting almost to personal attachment or aversion, according to the rectitude or obliquity of their conduct. His conviction of their want of integrity, very properly went the length of withdrawing him from friendly intercourse with them. He

had no notion that an honest man could maintain a friendship with politicians who were more intent on power and emolument than on the good of their country.

In the general spirit of his judgements on statesmen, in his unqualified, unmitigable condemnation of their corruption, a corruption which he had opportunities so extraordinary of knowing to be almost general among them, in his contempt of the ordinary currency of monarchs, in his disposition to make efforts and stimulate to efforts in the national service, combined with a despondency approaching to despair of the national virtue and welfare, the writer of this Memoir will be acknowledged by every reader to be in very striking correspondence to the character of Junius; and there wanted only some portion of that brilliance of composition, which distinguishes the best efforts of that writer, to make us willing to be persuaded that at last we have him in his proper person. Of this brilliance it must be acknowledged the Memoir is so destitute of all trace, that even all the presumptions furnished by so many points of correspondence between the circumstances and character of Glover and those of Junius, would not be enough to give plausibility to a claim for the one of being identical with the other, if the public had seen no compositions of the unknown writer, but the celebrated letters with that signature. But some of the letters of Philo-Junius, and a number of those from the same hand, given, under various denominations, in the new edition, have perhaps, in truth, as little of the electrical quality and power, if we may so express it, as the composition of this Memoir. And it is to be considered that it was written as a mere course of memorandums of the matters of the author's political experience, without the least ambition of the oratory of history, and without the smallest inducement for him to put his mind in that state of artificial heat, which was evidently necessary in order to produce from that of Junius those explosions in which he was so fine and so formidable.

If among the other papers of Glover, said by the Editor, in the preface to the Memoir, to be 'in the possession of his immediate descendant,' there should be a continuation of this political secret history, it is very possible it may furnish some further evidence on the literary question; and though it should not, it will be valuable for what it will be likely to disclose concerning actors and transactions, which ordinary history could do little better than exhibit to us in that prepared and often deceptive form in which it was *intended* by those actors that they should be seen by the public.

In these publications we do not observe that one word is said respecting the hand-writing of Glover; a silence, when their professed object is considered, not a little strange. We neces-

sarily infer from it, however, that no degree of resemblance has been found or even fancied between it and that of Junius, whose MSS. the civility of Mr. Woodfall has permitted the Editor to inspect. It became, therefore, indispensable to assume, and it is done with far too little ceremony, that the letters of Junius were written in a 'disguised hand.' We think that any person who looks at the fac-similes, may very reasonably doubt even the possibility of preserving so much system, together with an apparent freedom of stroke, in a hand adopted for occasional use.

The Memoir may be deemed of more worth as an historical document than as contributing to prolong the old, and perhaps, hopeless, literary inquiry. When, however, we speak of its being something 'worth,' as history, we should not forget the difference of taste and opinion among readers. The class of persons alluded to at the beginning of this article, as consistently detesting Junius, who hold it a part of religion, that governments, contemplated under any of their forms or in any of their parts, monarchs, ministers, or parliaments, have a righteous claim, in virtue of their political capacity, to be held in reverence independently of their real characters, would have done well to buy up this Memoir, at each edition, to destroy it; for it is little else than an exposure of the political profligacy of the most distinguished managers of the national concerns during the specified period. It will destroy all respect for the principles of the individuals thus exhibited, and will tend to aggravate, and seem to sanction, that deep, systematic suspicion which a portion of the community has been led to entertain against the whole class of statesmen. For if the public good was hardly so much as even a secondary concern with such men as Lyttleton and Chatham, (power and emolument, this Cato says, were the first, and their reputation the second,) it will seem quite reasonable to be somewhat rigorous and somewhat sceptical in judging of the pledges offered for the genuine public virtue of any statesman.

With regard to the competence of this witness, so long kept out of court, we suppose no reader of the Memoir will be permitted to entertain a doubt. It is quite evident that he was on easy and sometimes confidential terms with a number of persons who were themselves among the first actors on the political stage, and who were perfectly acquainted with the characters of all the rest. He often had long discussions with individuals on difficult points of adjustment in political co-operation, and assisted at the most secret and important councils for determining the plan of an opposition, a coalition, or a ministry. He tells what advice he gave, what statements and reasonings he heard, and what unavowed principles and motives he sometimes

descried. He assigns occasionally the causes of measures and movements, combinations and dissolutions, failures or successes, on which the public speculated in ignorance, but rarely pronounced a more suspicious or condemnatory judgement than the truth of the case, could it have been known, would have fully appeared to warrant. But what is called the public itself, experiences no more indulgence than its leaders and deluders, from this impartial censor, who pronounces the people to have been about as corrupt as their governors. He was as much a despiser of their merits as he was a friend to their welfare.

With respect to his honesty, in the sense of veracity as a recorder of facts and sketches of characters, and in the sense of integrity as a participator in the practical business and schemes of political party, we acknowledge he has very much of our confidence. There is a simple, firm, unequivocal directness in all his recitals, that proves he had never a moment's hesitation as to how he should relate his facts or express his comments, that he had no duplicity of ideas to require a language of compromise. And for the proof of his practical integrity, it may suffice that he was never himself a holder of place, or a receiver of emolument under any ministry, and that he would withdraw himself in a great measure from the friendship of such a man as Pitt, from disapprobation of his political conduct. In short the Memoir, with the little that is otherwise known of the man, gives the impression of a high-toned, consistent, inflexible, political virtue, of so decided and almost passionate a devotion to principle that he could throw persons and parties away when they appeared to desert it.

We had intended to make considerable extracts; but shall content ourselves with a very few passages from a publication which may so easily be obtained.

‘During the course of this year, 1744, the leaders of the opposition, who had differed among themselves so widely the year before, were once more re-united upon one principle, which was, to get into place; in consequence of this agreement a junto was formed of nine, the Duke of Bedford, Earl of Chesterfield, Lord Gower, Mr. Pitt, Lyttleton, Lord Cobham, Mr. Waller, Dodington, and Sir John Hynde Cotton: however, this justice is due to the four last, that in all their conferences with the other five they strenuously insisted on making some terms with Mr. Pelham for the public before they went into employment.’

He mentions some of the objects that were discussed with this view; but then adds,

‘Such, however, was the prostitution of Bedford, Chesterfield, Gower, Pitt, and Lyttleton, a party founded on the base desire of pecuniary emoluments, partly on the more extensive views of pro-

curing the whole ministerial power to themselves, that they peremptorily insisted on coming into employment without any stipulations whatever. Lord Cobham was at one time so provoked at this infamous conduct, that he had thoughts of withdrawing himself from their councils; and to Sir Francis Dashwood, from whom I had my information, made use of the following expressions: "——— these fellows! They mean nothing but themselves! Will they stand by us? ——— we will have no further concern with them." But his resolution did not hold.' pp. 30, 33.

' I judge not of princes by the rules of morality, before whose tribunal they would all be condemned in their turns, and undergo the severest punishment, if executioners were not wanting to the laws of nature and of justice, and the folly and servility of mankind were not the safeguard of kings.'

' I am now in the 46th year of my age; the ardour of youth is abated; the mind grown stronger by experience, familiar with ill fortune both to myself and my country, guarded against the delusion of popularity, and above the pride resulting from the occasional countenance and *unsought* confidence of men in high station, of which I propose to make no further use than to delineate with accuracy and truth the causes of this nation's fall, which my ill-boding judgment foresees to be inevitable.'

Art. VIII. *The Portfolio*; containing Essays, Letters, and Narratives. In two Volumes, foolscap 8vo. pp. 280 and 310. Price 14s. London, Murray. 1814.

THE Essay is the pride of the English as a plant of indigenous growth. Unfortunately, however, it is of so easy cultivation, that there is great danger of its overrunning the garden of literature. The Essay is in prose what miscellaneous poems are in verse. To unfold a system in a mighty folio, or to manage the conflicts of gods and heroes in an epic, is an enterprise of time and trouble. But who has not wit enough, or reading enough, to write an address to Sleep, or an Anacreontic to Myra? or who has not words enough to dress up two old thoughts into an essay of three pages? and then, who ever wrote any thing which, either on the maturest consideration, or from the opinion of his most impartial friends, he did not find it necessary to lay before the public? Did not Addison and Johnson publish their essays? and many of our best poets, miscellanies of verse? And so, if our writer be a verseman, out come 'Parnassian Wild Shrubs,' or 'Moonshine,' or 'Moonlight,' or 'The Modern Antique';—if a proseman, the world is favoured with a 'Saunterer,' or a 'Ponderer,' or a 'Ruminator,' or,—last and least of all,—a 'Portfolio.'

The Portfolio certainly contains, as far as we have seen, nothing outrageous and extravagant: every thing is sober dulness and weariness. We opened, pretty much at random, at the following original and ingenious strain of truism.

‘I am ready to grant, that romance, unguided, may be productive of many evils, and lead into many errors: but is it just and reasonable to argue from the abuse of any quality, that it is in itself and in all its tendencies destructive? Is it rational to condemn from the extremes of any thing, when we know that all extremes border upon their opposites? Is it right to say, love is an inadmissible passion, though evidently implanted in us by God, because it sometimes leads astray? or, that religion ought not to be countenanced, because it has occasionally taken root in a weak mind, or a disordered imagination, and dethroned reason?’

‘Or, turning into other channels, shall we say, food cannot be used with safety, because it has produced surfeiting; nor wine, from the intoxication that has followed; nor laudanum, because it has destroyed life? This would, indeed, argue no small share of folly.’ pp. 63, 64.

How perfectly true!

Nothing can be imagined more completely ‘*sawney and yawney*’ than the tales which make up a large portion of the two volumes. They are the merest common-places of idleness that ever dribbled from the pen of a reader of only the most miserable novels. The first is of this kind. A vessel is wrecked on the Cornish coast. A gentleman ‘clinging to the bowsprit’ is ‘carried by a huge wave into a cavity of the rocks,’ where he is found by a girl named Mary, and conveyed in a languid state to the cottage of her uncle Anthony. Anthony determines to murder the gentleman; but Mary penetrates his intention, and advises the stranger to feign himself worse, that her uncle may be induced to forego his design, in the hopes that it will be rendered unnecessary by a natural death. The next morning the gentleman walks away. Mary marries; and her husband is on the very point of suffering for a crime of which he is not guilty, when, by means of this said gentleman, his innocence is made manifest. And this actually occupies thirty pages.

But the Author will sometimes be satirical—a sad witty rogue. In order to ridicule literary ladies, he goes to see one. ‘One day there was a large party to dine.’ The lady had forgotten to provide dinner. Another time, a party is to go out to spend a day in a beautiful wood. The lady forgets to provide dinner. Again, there is to be a water excursion, and, had it not been for the cook, the lady would have forgotten to provide dinner. Really there is something beautifully varied in these incidents, and a surprising display of inventive genius.

One wonders, on laying down such a book, what could ever have induced a man to write it.

Art. IX. *Quarrels of Authors*; or some Memoirs for our Literary History; including Specimens of Controversy. By the Author of "Calamities of Authors." Crown 8vo. 3 vols. pp. 940. Price 1l. 4s. Murray. 1814.

WE fear that Mr. D'Israeli will have given fair occasion for one more 'Quarrel of Authors,' by adopting so disrespectful a term for the designation of his subject. Could the cause be negligence? Or had he received some discourtesy from some part of the brotherhood, and in a moment of disgust and irritation, selected such a term as a little hit of spite? Or is it that in thus applying degrading words to his tribe, he is slyly asserting for himself a dignity above them,—as who should say, My individual respectability is so prominent and secure that I can afford to make light of my fraternity!

Whatever may have determined the choice, we think he has been guilty of a very gross violation of complaisance, to say the least, to the illuminators of the world, in talking of their 'quarrels.' It is obvious that he ought to have said '*Wars of Authors.*' That would have been a dignified term, and would have placed this pugnacious tribe on the same ground as the emperors, the heroes, the conquerors, who have constantly held, by virtue of their addiction to war, the uppermost rank in glory; almost all prose having agreed with almost all poetry in proclaiming them as the illustrious, the godlike, the immortal. And why should not the exploits in the warfare of wit and learning draw kindred honours on their performers? Is it plainly because their martial blazon does so much less mischief? because it costs mankind so much less? because it affords much less of that most delectable of luxuries, taxation? Assuredly it is not because the literary warriors are less fierce for action, less proud and ostentatious of their triumphs, less pertinaciously retentive of the malicious will. And even in point of tactics, the military memoirs in these volumes, display some instances of skill and stratagem worthy of being compared with any thing of the same kind to be found in the history of the other class of fighting gentry. We would recommend it to the Author, as a very proper sequel, to draw a number of parallels, in the manner of Plutarch, between the distinguished personages in the two departments of war, comparing, for example, Warburton, 'fighting still and still destroying,' to Alexander the Great, and shewing that Pope would appear never the worse for being placed by the side of even Hannibal.

While, however, we would strenuously abet the heroes in the warfare of ink in a claim to have their hostile vocation dignified with all denominations and epithets of glory, which have been

applied to the champions and exploits in the kindred and rival profession of fire and sword, it must be acknowledged that, as in contemplating the glories of this latter profession, so also in contemplating those of the former, though in a less degree, the moralist and philanthropist will often be made ashamed of human nature. The love of fighting, the causes for fighting, and the manner of fighting, in both the departments, will often fill him with grief and indignation to think how much of the energy and talent of the human race, has been expended at the instigation of their worst passions.

Our Author, while exciting alternate ridicule and melancholy at the expense of the literary tribe, very demurely pretends he means them no harm.

‘The Quarrels of Authors may be considered as a Continuation of the Calamities of Authors; and both, as some Memoirs for our Literary History. Should these volumes disappoint the hopes of those who would consider the Quarrels of Authors as objects for their mirth or contempt, this must not be regretted. Whenever passages of this description occur, they are not designed to wound the Literary Character, but to chasten it; by exposing the secret arts of calumny, the malignity of witty ridicule, and the evil prepossessions of unjust hatreds.’

Some idea may be afforded of the extent of our Author’s plan, by our transcribing the contents.

‘Vol. I. Warburton and his Quarrels; including an Illustration of his Literary Character—Pope and his Miscellaneous Quarrels—Narrative of the extraordinary Transactions respecting the Publication of Pope’s Letters—Pope and Cibber; containing a Vindication of the Comic Writer—Pope and Addison—Bolingbroke’s and Mallet’s Posthumous Quarrel with Pope—Appendix; Lintot’s Book of Accounts—Addendum; Pope and Settle.’

‘Vol. II. The Royal Society—Sir John Hill, with the Royal Society, Fielding, Smart, &c.—Boyle and Bentley—Parker and Marvel—D’Avenant and a Club of Wits—The Paper Wars of the Civil Wars—Appendix; Political Criticism on Literary Compositions.’

‘Vol. III. Hobbes and his Quarrels; including an Illustration of his Character—Hobbes’s Quarrels with Dr. Wallis, the Mathematician—Jonson and Decker—Camden and Brooke—Martin Mar—Prelate—Appendix; Literary Quarrels from Personal Motives.’

There is, perhaps, no certain rule for determining the value, regarded as for the present times, of histories of the antiquated warfare and politics of literature. The whimsical passion recently awakened, or rather created, for recalling into notice all sorts of nearly forgotten old books, would seem to insure attention to the subjects of the present work. The taste very considerably prevailing among literary men for minute historical

and antiquarian research, would seem to confirm the omens in its favour. Had we been to judge without taking into the account these signs of the times, we should perhaps have thought it was rather too late to expect for many of the details in these volumes any renewal of the public interest which the circumstances excited one or two centuries since, when the world had so much less to think and talk about, and something less to do, than in the recent and present times, and when the matters and persons had all the freshness of contemporary existence. We should have thought there would have been but a feeble attraction in the envy, malice, and all uncharitableness of Jonson and Decker, Camden and Brooke, and we might add, of Curll, Cibber, Mallet, and Bolingbroke, as involved with Pope, or even of Pope himself as involved with Addison. The same indifference or disgust we should have predicted for several others of the hostilities here recorded, with their active series of scandals, insults, manœuvres, and wit. Much of the history is so merely personal, that it must necessarily appear insignificant; nor is it much advantage that this insignificance is so often somewhat relieved into odiousness. An exception will be made in favour of the story of the wars between Marvell and Parker, and those of Hobbes and of Warburton. An account of the noble character of Marvell, the speculations and the very singular mental constitution displayed in the memoir of Hobbes, and the unprecedented compass, magnitude, and vigour, of the perpetual campaign of Warburton, and the bold, original cast of the speculations which involved him in the polemical conflict, and were to be maintained by it. These and some other sections of the work, constituting perhaps as much as half of it, may be read with much interest by persons who have no taste for antiquated scandal, and the petty cabals, and bickerings, and frays, of mere trifling, waspish arts.

It is fair, however, to observe, that even in this latter sort of records, there will sometimes be very remarkable and illustrative specimens of the manners of the age. This would seem to be almost the only value that such accounts can have, and this value, less or more, almost all our Author's histories of quarrels will be found to possess. Some of them might be described as biographical farces, constructed to exemplify the manners of past times. But to a man who considers how many thousand instructive volumes there are accumulated round him, and recollects that life is short, it will certainly be a question what extent of insignificant personal history and anecdote he should be content to consume his time in travelling through, for the sake of picking up a few of these representative relics.

A strong testimony is due to our Author's persevering and extensive industry of research. He has traversed the wide field

of our literary history under the power of a spell which would never let him cease walking. Nor have we any doubt that he is at this moment, after what we should perhaps have accounted a most weary pilgrimage, on the toils of which we might at first view have felt an impulse to commiserate him, as fresh, and animated, and 'succinct for speed,' as at any point of his progress. And we will readily and gratefully testify that there is much in what he has thus far given as the acquisition of his exploratory perambulations of the old literary waste, to make us pleased that his spirit and activity are not abating. Let it only be suggested to him that in the prosecution of his enterprise, he will see many spectacles not worth reporting, and pick up many substances fit only to be thrown away. In plain words, there are a multitude of persons and facts of literary history that are not worth his attention, nor that of his readers, as being insignificant in themselves, and not of a nature to illustrate either the state of literature or the manners of the times. We must consent to let all but a most diminutive selection of the things that are past, go into oblivion; and the persons who undertake to make that selection should be guided, we think, by a rule of much greater rigour than that which has been applied by our Author.

The readers of his former works will not need any description of his manner of composition as exhibited in this. Perhaps it is here in a small degree more regulated and chastised; but it substantially retains its character of flightiness and loose order, its sudden freaks and fantastic catches, its contempt of the schools of grammar and rhetoric, its grotesque mixture of jocularity and solemn pomp, its frequency of reflections and ejaculations, made at considerable hazard between insipid truism and pointed sense.

The work is of the pyramidical construction, the text much less than the notes; and we think he vindicates, in his preface, this shape of composition with much too confident a self-complacency. There was a possibility,—at least in the abstract, if not in the Author—of disposing of these same materials in such a method as to bring half or two thirds of the matter of the notes into a decent continuity in the text. In its present disposition the whole work is a confused and trackless miscellany.

The appearance of the page would doubtless have been injured in point of elegance by the noting of a great many references; but that had been the less evil than for the reader to be every now and then saying to himself,—I wish the reporter's name, and literary *habitat*, (that is, the place in his book) had been given with this story.

We think our Author is far from being uniformly fortunate in his selections to exemplify the wit and humour of the lively

imps who fought so many crackling battles with squibs of that kind. Some of the quotations appear to us to be in the poorest style of spiteful gibing. It may be seen too that an excess of rudeness and coarseness was once tolerated among our scholars and gentlemen that would at this day totally discredit even the most genuine and powerful satire. Among the most redoubtable fighters are Hobbes, Marvell, and Dr. Henry Stubbe; which last made mortal war on the Royal Society, and 'bore himself so bravely in the fight,' as to produce the same sensations in their camp as were raised in that of Israel by the sight of the Philistine of Gath.

There is an amusing account of the very rough times experienced by the Royal Society in the first period of its existence, when it was assailed in every imaginable mode of hostility, by the doctors of the old philosophy, and by the wits who cared about none of the philosophical schools or systems. Dr. South was pleased to say of the new sages, '*Mirantur nihil nisi pulices, pediculos, et seipsos.*' The shrewd waggery of their royal founder and patron sent them out, at the very formation of the institution, with his signal and warrant, to all his subjects who had or thought they had any wit to sport, to make the Society the butt of it.

'The Royal Society, on the day of its creation, was the whetstone of the wit of their patron. When Charles II. dined with the members on the occasion of constituting them a Royal Society, towards the close of the evening, he expressed his satisfaction in being the first English monarch who had laid the foundation of a society who proposed that their whole studies should be directed to the investigation of the arcana of Nature; and added, with that peculiar gravity of countenance he usually wore on such occasions, that among such learned men he now hoped for a solution to a question which had long perplexed him. The case he thus stated: "Suppose two pails of water were fixed in two different scales equally poised, and which weighed equally alike, and that two live bream, or small fish, were put into either of these pails, he wanted to know the reason why that pail, with such addition, should not weigh more than the other pail which stood against it."—Every one was ready to set at quiet the royal curiosity; but it appeared that every one was giving a different opinion. One, at length, offered so ridiculous a solution, that another of the members could not refrain from a loud laugh; when the King, turning to him, insisted that he should give his sentiments as well as the rest. This he did without hesitation; and told his Majesty, in plain terms, that he denied the fact. On which the king, in high mirth, exclaimed, "Odds fish, brother, you are in the right!"—The jest was not ill designed. The story was often useful, to cool the enthusiasm of the scientific visionary, who is apt often to account for what never existed.'

The section under the title of 'Political criticism on literary compositions,' is instructive as well as entertaining, recounting and properly commenting upon a number of remarkable examples of the power of party spirit to render very intelligent men insensible to merit of the highest order when associated with political principles opposite to those of these judges. Bishop Sprat ordered the erasure from a monumental inscription to John Philips of a line which contained the name of Milton, that name being, he said, unfit to appear in a christian church.

The story of the famous war between Boyle and Bentley is told once more, at greater length than it deserved, but with a due share of spirit and anecdote.

No part of the work will excite in serious readers so much regret as the literary history of Warburton, which occupies nearly half a volume. We are afraid the statements and observations cannot be denied to be sufficiently fair and candid. Indeed we should earlier have said, once for all, that we think our author has very considerable merit on the score of impartiality.—It is melancholy to behold a mighty spirit like that of Warburton, while labouring indefatigably, and fighting unconquerably, in the professed and apparent service of the noblest cause, giving so many indications of being actuated by motives, and being willing to employ expedients, which should have been consigned to the enemies of that cause, as peculiarly appropriate to their unhappy vocation. Some interesting extracts shew that the heroic ardour of this great champion of his own glory suffered some intermissions, in which it may be probable that his languor and disgust forced upon him the painful conviction that there were in existence principles and objects that would have better sustained him in his toils, that would have reanimated his zeal with a diviner energy.

' Warburton lost himself in the labyrinth he had so ingeniously constructed. This work harassed his days, and exhausted his intellect. Observe the tortures of a mind, even of so great a mind as that of Warburton, when it sacrifices all to the perishable vanity of sudden celebrity. Often he flew from his task in utter exhaustion and despair. He had quitted the smooth and even line of Truth, to wind about and split himself on all the crookedness of paradoxes. How he paints his feelings in a letter to Birch! He says, "I was so disgusted with an old object, that I had deferred it from month to month, and year to year." He had recourse to "an expedient," which was, "to set the press on work and oblige himself to supply copy."—Such is the confession of the Author of the Divine Legation! this "Encyclopædia," of all ancient and modern lore. But when he describes his sufferings, hard is the heart of that literary man who cannot sympathize with such a giant caught in the toils! I give his

words ;—" Distractions of various kinds, inseparable from human life, joined with a naturally melancholy habit, contribute greatly to increase my indolence. This makes my reading wild and desultory, and I seek refuge from the uneasiness of thought, from any book, let it be what it will. By my manner of writing upon subjects, you would naturally imagine they afford me pleasure, and attach me thoroughly. I will assure you, No!"

' Warburton had not the cares of a family : they were merely literary ones. The secret cause of his "melancholy," and his "indolence," and that "want of attachment and pleasure to his subjects," was the controversies he had kindled, and the polemical battles he had raised about him. However boldly he attacked in return, his heart often sickened in privacy ; for how often must he have beheld his noble and his whimsical edifices built on sands, which the waters were perpetually eating into.' Vol. I. p. 57.

Art. X.—*Repentance explained and enforced ; being a Serious Appeal to every Man's Conscience on its Nature, Necessity, and Evidences.* By J. Thornton, 2nd Edition. 18mo. Price 2s. Baynes. 1813.

WHEN John the Baptist sent two of his disciples to Jesus to ask him if he was the promised Messiah, or if they were to direct their views to some other person, our Lord, instead of answering their question in a direct manner, desires them to inform their master of the miraculous cures which they had witnessed, as affording the most satisfactory evidence to his mind ; and he closes the enumeration of them with what appears, at first sight, to be a little irrelevant, "The poor have the gospel preached unto them." Doubtless our Lord knew that John would consider this circumstance as peculiarly characteristic of the Dispensation which he was about to introduce. By this excellence it has always been distinguished, but never perhaps, has it been more displayed and acted upon, than at the present period, when so many laudable and benevolent exertions have been made, and are still making, to extend universally the knowledge and the benefits of the Gospel, not only by circulating the Scriptures, but by distributing serious and plain addresses tending to elucidate their doctrines and enforce their precepts.

Publications of which the chief design is to communicate knowledge to the lower classes of society, claim some degree of exemption from the rigour of criticism : and when they are not only benevolently conceived, but commendably executed ; when they are plain without being coarse ; familiar without being low ; intelligible to the uneducated, yet capable of pleasing and interesting more cultivated minds ; they possess no ordinary de-

gree of excellence, and are entitled to no small share of praise. The work before us, we consider as coming under this description; at least, the exceptions are too few and of too trivial a nature to deserve notice. The author modestly announces, in his preface, that 'those who have been accustomed to read books which contain the richest treasures of learning, and the finest beauties of language, will find nothing here to gratify their taste.' We will add, that while persons of this class will find nothing to offend, they may by an attentive perusal find much that is likely to prove very beneficial. It is a work which a Christian will take delight in putting into the hands of his servant, or of a neighbour, who has been unhappily inattentive to the important concerns of religion. As a slight analysis of its contents, we remark that it treats of the state of the impenitent, the nature and necessity of repentance, the means of promoting it, its evidencies, and the encouragement given to the penitent. The lively simplicity of the style, and the short anecdotes with which it is interspersed, are calculated to draw the attention of the reader to the important truths which it inculcates. On the whole we think it is calculated to be very useful, and that it will by no means tend to lessen the estimation in which the writer is deservedly held by the Christian world on account of his former publications.

Art. XI.—*Sermons on various Subjects*, adapted chiefly for Domestic Reading. By the late Rev. John Evans, Abingdon. To which is prefixed, a Memoir of the Author, by James Hinton, and a Portrait, 8vo. pp. 400. Price 10s. London. Hatchard; Gale and Co.; Button; and Conder, 1814.

A Person seeking to avail himself of the printed aids to social religion is liable to be often disappointed and somewhat mortified in his research. Innumerable compositions offer themselves with professions of being adapted to the uses of worship or instruction; but when he attempts to make a selection, he may find himself passing over a long succession of pages and volumes, with rapid glances of examination, still hoping and still dissatisfied, and perhaps reduced at last, if he absolutely must choose, to fix on something which pleases him but little better than what he inspected first. If his literary taste is considerably cultivated, *that* will take very many exceptions; if his theological opinions are conformed to a system, or indeed decidedly formed in any way, he will be frequently arrested by principles and sentiments which he cannot reconcile himself to read as a part of a social religious exercise; if

he seeks for something adapted to a special occasion, or wishes for a pointed illustration or enforcement of some particular topic, he may have cause to wonder, not without some small mixture of vexation, to see how great a number of things may be somewhat like what he wants without being the thing itself.

'Domestic reading,' might seem to be so ordinary and easy an affair as to involve very little difficulty or nicety of selection. We presume, however, that many a master of a family, who has wished to introduce among its serious observances, for the benefit especially of its younger members, something expressly subsidiary to the instructions they were habitually hearing from the public ministry, has been sometimes at a loss for discourses exactly fitted for the purpose. It is indispensable that the discourses so employed be short; they ought to be quite simple and perspicuous, and at the same time constructed of thoughts animated beyond the danger of vapidness and dulness; they should not be what we mean by the term doctrinal, strictly applied, and yet should be formed upon, should involve, should habitually imply, and should briefly express, the essential principles of the evangelical system: they should be clear of all the phrases of mawkish endearment which we have sometimes seen infused, for the purpose of sweetening, into discourses intended for familiar instruction, and yet should convey their admonitions in the conciliating tone of a friend; and, free from an affectation of secularity of style, it would be well they should at the same time make but a very moderate use of any phraseology which should seem to assume that the auditors are familiar with treatises of theology.—If these distinctions should be taken as requisites by the inquirer after discourses for 'domestic reading,' he will probably find cause to judge that the vast accumulation of volumes of sermons must have been intended mainly for other modes of utility. And we think, that when he inspects the volume before us he will acknowledge he has often been less fortunate.

A preface written by the Editor, Mr. Kershaw, informs us that Mr. Evans's sermons found in manuscript do not appear to have been composed with the remotest view to publication; but that his friends, and many persons of the congregation to which he had preached thirty-two years, were desirous of possessing such a memorial of a minister for whom they had entertained an affectionate esteem. The selection has been made chiefly from the sermons of the last years of the Author's life; and,

'It is thought they will be found to insist on the most important truths of Christianity in a manner adapted to the humblest order of

Christian readers; while the air of originality by which they are not unfrequently distinguished, will render them acceptable to minds of superior cultivation,

A pleasing memoir of the Author is furnished by Mr. Hinton. He was a native of Pembrokeshire, and born in 1755. After the lapse of half a century there remain but few traces of his early life; but enough is recollected to testify that his character in childhood and youth was very amiable, that he was remarkable for his desire of knowledge, and that before he attained the age of maturity, religion had acquired a decided ascendancy in his mind. In 1779, he entered on a course of studies in the academy at Bristol, with a view to preaching, and in 1781, commenced, as assistant to Mr. Daniel Turner, the ministry at Abingdon which was happily to continue to the close of his life. He took the pastoral office on the decease of his very old and venerable predecessor; and it should seem that, even could his life have been prolonged to the same unusual age, the attraction of his personal qualities, the acknowledged and uniform value of his public ministrations, and his remarkable indisposition to diversify his life by extending them to other places, would have left no question whether the first scene of his public labours should also be the last. His character is described as composed of the most respectable and pleasing elements,—piety, integrity, benevolence, mild zeal, and calm activity. His ministry closed, scarcely a month before the termination of his life, which took place on the first of July, 1813.

The sermons in this volume are no less than thirty-four. The most impatient domestic auditor cannot be tired of them on the account of length, as, on an average, each of them may be deliberately read in ten or twelve minutes. They are miscellaneous, excepting that seven of them, on the last seven expressions of our Lord, may be considered as forming a somewhat connected series. A most genuine spirit of devotion pervades them generally. Without systematic formality, or any punctilious confinement to peculiar terms and phrases, they preserve a faithful invariable adherence to evangelical doctrine. We can, with the Editor, perceive a certain air of originality in several passages; and the whole train of sentiments, even when the most fully corresponding to the ordinary mode of illustrating the same topics, bears the clearest evidence of coming simply from the vital independent action of the Author's own mind. His thoughts are not connected in a reasoning form. They come forth as simple incontestable propositions, intermingled and animated with the expressions of pious and not unfrequently elevated feeling.

From this description, it will easily be understood that this

selection does not include any of those sermons which the Author sometimes, no doubt, occupied chiefly with investigations of questions and doctrines of theology : it is plain these short discourses were intended to awaken devout sentiment, and enforce practical religion ; and it is with a view to these objects that we recommend them.

In point of language they are something more than unexceptionable. While the diction is perfectly correct and perspicuous, it has a mingled ease and neatness, amounting sometimes to gracefulness. Now and then a gleam of fancy passes over it, and imparts a momentary tint even of elegance. And there is throughout, a certain tone of unaffected feeling which prevents what is the most plain and ordinary from sinking into dullness. Whatever praise is due to the correctness, clearness, simplicity, and ease of Mr. Evans's language, will have peculiar force when the readers are informed, that he had been in his youth so completely confined to his native tongue, that at his going to Bristol he could not ask in English for the most common articles of daily use.

A few short extracts will contribute to give our readers a favourable impression of the spirit and the manner of these serious and pleasing discourses.

There are a number of pensively interesting passages in the sermons on the last words of our Lord. They are so brief, however, that few of them can with advantage be detached. We transcribe one from the sermon on the expressions in which he recommended his mother to the Apostle John.

‘ The language of Christ on this occasion reminds us of his great poverty. The children of this world, when they die, leave, as legacies to their friends, jewels and gold, houses and lands. Jesus dies, and leaves a legacy to his friend ; and what is it ? A widowed, an aged mother to be taken care of. It was all he had to leave. The soldiers had taken his clothes, and as for gold and silver, houses and land—he had none. How poor, as to this world, did the Prince of Glory die !’ p. 75.

The sermon on the expression, *I thirst*, begins in this very striking manner :

‘ This is the fifth sentence, which the great Redeemer uttered on the cross. It was spoken but a very little while before he gave up the ghost. What a state of privation, my hearers, do these words exhibit ! The Son of God, who had left a world where rivers of pleasure flow to refresh the inhabitants, now suffers a vehement thirst. When a person thirsts in the agonies of death, some kind friend is generally present to administer a palatable liquid to the parched lips of the sufferer. But Jesus must thirst in death, and have no such attention paid him. When heaven refused him a beam of light, the earth refused him a drop of water, and put vinegar in the room of it. This will for ever remain a wonder ; a wonder of mercy to lost

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man; and a wonder of impartiality in the justice of God towards the Redeemer of man.' p. 87.

The following paragraph is from a sermon on—*He ascended up on high, &c.*

'Our Lord is not barely ascended into heaven, but he is ascended high into heaven. There are many who occupy exalted stations in heaven, but the station which he occupies is the highest of all. There are many in heaven who are high in joy, but his joy is the highest who was once *a man of sorrows*. There are many brilliant crowns in heaven, but of all the diadems worn in that world, there are none so bright as his who once wore *a crown of thorns*. There are many thrones in heaven, but his throne out-tops all the rest, who once was laid in Joseph's sepulchre.' p. 133.

The Sermon on—*The statutes of God, the Christian's Song*, has a familiar, but, we think, an apt and pleasing conclusion.

'This subject recommends to the Christian an intimate acquaintance with the word of God, since this is to form his song in the house of his pilgrimage. When men on a journey wish to animate their spirits with a cheerful song on a dull day, it is essential to be well acquainted with the subject of their song. Christians, you will have some dull days to spend, while journeying heaven-ward. Endeavour then to become intimately acquainted with the Holy Scriptures, for they are *your songs in the house of your pilgrimage*.' p. 149.

The *constraining influence* of the love of Christ, after being displayed in its various effects on the course of life, is represented as extending its operation to the last moments of its subjects.

'True Christians are, I believe, very often, in the solemn hour of death, happily influenced by the love of Christ. To this noble principle we may trace their resignation to the will of God, their desires after another world, their indifference to this, and the efforts which some of them make to serve the cause of Christ even in the last hour of life. All the Apostles were striking proofs of the truth of these remarks; and so have been ten thousand other Christians.' p. 231.

We will only add a short passage on the suddenness of the last coming of Christ.

'No precursory beams will gild the horizon, to announce the approach of that day; it will burst upon the world all at once. It will be sudden, irresistible, and astonishing.'—'Our descending Lord will surprise the children of this world while in pursuit of those things which they love more than him. Yes; while the miser shall be counting over his gold, the lightning's glare shall dazzle and confound him. The children of pleasure will hear a thunder that shall shake the pillars of the earth, and dash the cups from their lips.' p. 280, 1.

Every thing within the province of the Editor has evidently been performed with great judgement and accuracy.

Art. XII. *The Character of an Evangelical Pastor*, Drawn by Christ. By the Rev. John Flavel, 8vo. pp. 36, price 1s. Conder, 1814.

THIS valuable and excellent discourse we strongly recommend to the attention of those who have recently entered on the duties of the Christian Ministry, or who are directing their views to the sacred office.

It is a sermon worthy of the pious author, whose works, although not distinguished by elegance of language, are deservedly ranked in the first class of writings calculated to promote the interests of evangelical and practical religion.

The following quotation will afford a fair specimen of his simplicity and fervour.

‘ This ministerial wisdom—(the text is selected from the 24th chapter of Matthew, “ Who then is a faithful and wise servant,” &c.)—will not only direct us thus in the choice of our subjects, but of the language too, in which we dress and deliver them to our people.

‘ It will tell you, a crucified style best suits the preachers of a crucified Christ. A grave and proper style becomes the lips of Christ’s ambassadors. Prudence will neither allow us to be rude, nor affectedly gaudy in our expressions. Tertullian checks those preachers, whose sermons dress up Christianity in philosophical, rather than evangelical terms. Prudence will choose words that are solid, rather than florid; as a merchant will choose a ship by a sound bottom, and capacious hold, rather than a gilded head and stern. Words are but servants to matter. An iron key fitted to the wards of the lock, is more useful than a golden one, that will not open the door to the treasure.’ p. 15.

• Art. XIII.—*A Sketch from Nature*, a Rural Poem. 12mo pp. 54. price 4s. Gale, Curtis, and Co. 1814.

IT is not by the title only of this interesting little volume that we are led to consider it as a ‘ Sketch from Nature.’ The harmony of scene and season is preserved with so much simplicity, and the minute diversities of beauty so dear to the ear and eye of a lover of nature, are seized so happily, as to convince us that they were copied on the spot, and detected by the intuition of feeling, no less than by the accuracy of immediate observation.

We can pace with the early minstrel his path through maze and mist, till on his ‘ oft frequented hill’ the splendours of the morning break around us, and the panoramic expanse unfolds, where

‘ Mansions and villages, and lonely cots,
Hills, vallies, woods, and streams, sunshine and shade:—
The rural neighbourhood, by flocks, and herds,
And social groupes enliven’d, and retreats
Of breathless solitude,—all charm alike,
And every spot with visionary bliss
(Till sage reflection marks the fraud) allures.’

In the scenic beauties which compose a landscape, it is not only the outline and the colouring of objects, that have power to attract and to absorb. These are but characters of a language known only to the initiated. *They* can read in a flower, a leaf, a blade of grass, a series of fables, whose moral is in the heart. To those who have known the pure and tranquil enjoyment of a mind at leisure to repose and dream amid the green earth's woods and vales, these pages will recall their feelings of luxury, and remind them that there is in the material around us, more than will fill the gaze of the artist, or inspire the reverie of the enthusiast:—that there is in all that the Divine Intelligence has moulded, a principle of moral meaning, and an inherence of moral life.

The following picture of sun-rise will justify the opinion we have given of this little volume.

‘ And now, the welcome Ruler of the day
Ascends in genial splendour, and directs
His veering chariot tow’rd the southern steep
Of Heaven’s blue hill.—Touch’d by his orient beam,
A thousand vivid objects all around
Start into view, else unperceiv’d:—but, chief,
With starry splendour on the hawthorn bough
And graceful wild-rose, shines the copious dew;
That precious lymph of Nature, which dilates
The ruby lip of ev’ry infant bud,
And lavish on the level turf remains
In *silver* beauty; while the subtle tribe
Of spiders, by their glittering webs betray’d,
Like tented fairies cover all the field.
Anon, thin-scatter’d, from the sparkling scene
The last pale vestiges of Night retire;
Till, far in western hemisphere, descends
The dim procession of her shadowy train.’ p. 17, 18,

The work before us possesses an elevation of sentiment that well accords with that love of Nature, which, in a regulated mind, is subservient to the love of Nature’s God. The Poet is content to admire as a creation that combination of order, and grace, and perfection, which some are ready to adore as a Divinity. His closing lines afford a glance at the spirit which breathes throughout, and, in our opinion, adds life and finish to his ‘Sketch.’

‘ The charm of *Nature* is a glimpse of *Thee*;
But this is all her boast. Thy Word alone
Reveals thee clearly, and conforms the soul
To thy divine similitude: ’tis *there*
I terminate, at length, my weary search;
And with the glorious prospect cheer my hope
That I shall soon behold thee as thou art,
Be like thee, and with Thee for ever dwell!’

Art. XIV. *The Picture of Philadelphia*, giving an Account of its Origin, Increase, and Improvements in Arts, Science, Manufactures, Commerce, and Revenue. With a compendious View of its Societies, Literary, Benevolent, Patriotic, and Religious. Its Police, the public Buildings, the Prison and Penitentiary System, Institutions monied and civil; Museum. By James Mease, M. D. 12mo. pp. 376. Philadelphia, B. and T. Kite. N. Third street, 1811.

AN American topographical publication will probably present to the greater part of our readers the attraction of novelty, if it awaken no higher interest. The work of which we have been fortunate enough to procure a copy, is valuable on account of the respectability of its Author, whose name vouches for the authenticity of its details; and the information it contains, as relating to one of the three principal cities in the United States, will not be deemed unimportant. We are, indeed, glad of the opportunity to call the attention of our readers to the subject of America, not however as a political theme, as a topic which will excite indignant shame, or contemptuous invective: the publications of the day teem with too many intemperate discussions and declamations of this kind; and the total want of correct intelligence respecting the characters, habits, and feelings, of our transatlantic brethren, is ill supplied by partial representations and idle mis-statements, calculated only to foster unnatural and unchristian prejudices against that only nation which we now call our enemy.

It does not come within our province to enter into the consideration of the grounds of dispute between this country and the American government. Certainly, the specimen of republican governors, and plebeian rulers, with which we are doomed to contend, is not characterized by so great a degree of moral principle, sound faith, disinterested patriotism, or enlightened philanthropy, as to lead us to entertain an uneasy preference for their names or forms of administration. But nothing can be more unjust, nothing has an Englishman who glories in his free and uncontrollable individuality more reason to deprecate, nothing,—especially when he thinks of America, and still more when he thinks of India and of Africa,—can he feel bound more strongly to resent, than imputing the conduct and character of the rulers of any nation to the general body of the people. The principle, however bold it might have been thought some years since to have promulgated it, has now been distinctly recognised as the basis of enlightened policy, that *it is not with a people, but with its government, that war is waged*. This, indeed, is a fact, which was never thought of, at least it would have been dangerous to have divulged the discovery, till the rulers of the nations were themselves brought to wish for

peace. Years of rancorous bloodshed, during which the flames of war have been fed by the lust of conquest, the pride of national glory, the jealousy of commercial rivalry, and the restlessness of ambitious enterprise, while all the evil passions which could blind the judgement, and stifle the better feelings, have been alternately stimulated by horrid success, or disgraceful failure; years of fruitless contest were insufficient to teach us this simple but most invaluable lesson: that states and empires may be at war with each other, and their armies engaged in sanguinary conflict, while the people are innocent of the quarrel and the enmity. It has, at length, been magnanimously proclaimed by the sovereigns of Europe, awakened from the dreams of conquest by the aggressions of a gigantic tyranny to wiser and nobler aims, embracing their mutual security and welfare.

- ‘ Thanks for that lesson, it will teach
- ‘ To after warriors more
- ‘ Than high Philosophy can preach,
- ‘ And vainly preached before.
- ‘ That spell upon the minds of men
- ‘ Breaks never to unite again,
- ‘ That led them to adore
- ‘ Those pagod things of sabre sway,
- ‘ With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.’

We believe there exists in this country, throughout all classes, a rational spirit of loyalty, an entire acquiescence in the established laws from the conviction that no laws can well be so imperfect, much less that the laws of England are so imperfect, as not to render an unconstitutional resistance to them a far greater evil; and further, a cheerful readiness to support their government, even in some of its most questionable measures, so long as the grand moral principles of society are not openly and flagrantly violated. Nevertheless, it is notorious, that neither at this, nor at any other period of our history, could the acts and deeds of the English Government be so identified with the English nation, as to justify their being assumed as decisive, or even simply indicative of the state of moral feeling and religious principle among us. Public opinion, at least in Britain, is always half a century before policy and law. Its operation is slow, but it is the more safe, and, finally, prevalent. ‘The Lord Chancellor Bacon,’ observes Mr. Coleridge in ‘THE FRIEND,’ ‘lived in an age of court intrigues, and he has told us, that there is one, and but one infallible source of political prophecy, the knowledge of the predominant opinions and the speculative principles of men in general between the ages of twenty and thirty;’ and Sir Philip Sydney, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth, was no less ‘deeply convinced that the

principles diffused throughout the majority of a nation, are the true oracles from whence statesmen are to learn wisdom, and that "when the people speak loudly, it is from their being strongly possessed either by the godhead or the dæmon." As 'the sense of a whole people (they are the words of Burke,) never ought to be contemned by wise and beneficent rulers, whatever may be the abstract claims, or even rights of the supreme power;' so it is the duty of all who speak or write, to endeavour to diffuse those principles which shall one day secure their own admission, and assert their own irreversible authority. It must be obvious to every competent observer, that all radical improvement in the moral policy of a country must proceed from the people at large; must be the result of a slowly working leaven diffusing itself upwards, till the very extremes partake of the effect. As it would have been unjust, many years before the abolition of the Slave Trade, to have imputed the crime to the national character, except as hardened and brutalized, in the cases of individuals, by the remorseless covetousness of the commercial spirit; so it would be equally unjust now to take an estimate of our generally prevailing feelings and principles, from the sanction lent by our government to the unutterable enormities of Juggernaut, and its opposition to the introduction of Christian teachers into India, or from other parts of our foreign policy. Nor is the hope absolutely chimerical, that, in process of time, that which even now the nation deprecates and abhors, its statesmen will agree in deeming impolitic, and then consent to abolish.

The only difficulty which many of our readers will find in acknowledging the truth of these principles, respects their application to other countries. Every thing has conspired to nourish that national jealousy and almost hatred, which deserves, more than perhaps any other circumstance, to be adduced as the final cause of war. We have been accustomed to think it part of our birth-right and our bounden duty as Englishmen to hate the French, for the sake, first of the Bourbons and the Pope, and then of Buonaparte: but of late we have learned still more heartily to hate the Americans,—a contemptible, upstart, faithless race;—a nation of rebels and pirates;—irreligious, for they have no establishment;—plebeians, for they have no peerage;—cowards, for they have no army, and, we used to think, no navy. But of what use is the indulgence of such a spirit, whatever ground there may be for serious charges against the United States, in respect of their conduct towards this country? Surely, to beings far less exalted above human passions and prejudices than those pure intelligences who bore the tidings of "good will to men," it must be matter of grief and astonishment, that a Christian people can with so proud

contempt, with hostility so unrelenting, regard a kindred nation, whose religion, and literature, and language, are the same;—can be indifferent to the interests of humanity, the progress of intellectual light, and the triumphs of the Gospel in that other hemisphere, from considerations respecting the poor, inferior, and transitory objects of human policy.

It has always been the prerogative of the simple cultivators of literature or of science, to be free of the world; to know of no national distinctions, no commercial feuds. The sacred immunity of the bard has been, by common consent among civilized nations, transferred to all men of letters. Of late, however, politics have mingled themselves with every other theme, and engrossed every bosom. But to the Christian, at least, whose religion leads him to contemplate the great object of his faith as the God of Love, and to call upon him as the common Father of all men, who bears the name of that Redeemer who, having taught us to love our enemies, died himself for our sins, breathing out in his last words a prayer for his murderers,—surely to such a one, no circumstances of a political nature can justify a diminished sympathy for any class or collective body of his fellow creatures. He at least, ought never to be at war—not even with the Americans.

But we ought, perhaps, to apologize to our readers, for detaining them so long from the work before us: but as it is not a metrical romance, a tale, or a work of controversy, but simply a topographical publication that stands at the head of this article, we have had fewer scruples on the subject than we should otherwise have felt. We will now proceed very summarily to lay before them those parts of its contents which shall appear to be of general interest.

The 'Introductory History' very briefly details the successive settlements of British, Dutch, and Swedish colonies on the banks of the river Delaware, from its first discovery, 'for which we are indebted to the commercial spirit which was roused in England by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1584;' to the period at which William Penn, having 'in common with the religious persuasion of which he was a member, suffered considerable persecution, and perceiving an opportunity of obtaining some remuneration for his father's debts, and an asylum for himself and oppressed friends by a grant of part of the New World, petitioned King Charles the Second for a tract of land lying north of the patent previously granted to Lord Baltimore, bounded by the Delaware on the east.' Letters patent for the desired tract passed the great seal on the fourth of March, 1681.

The considerations stated, were, "the commendable desire of William Penn, to enlarge the British Empire, and promote useful

commodities ; to reduce the savage natives by just and gentle manners to the love of civil society and christian religion," together with " a regard to the memory and merits of his late father."

The gigantic plan which Brother O^NAS, as the Indians, translated his name, formed for the metropolis of his empire, is a rather amusing instance of the sanguine spirit of adventure.

Dean Prideaux says that Penn had the celebrated city of Babylon in view as a model for his American town, and from the draft given by the learned divine, the idea, as far as regularity was concerned, appears to have been well-founded. It would seem also that Penn wished, or thought it practicable, to emulate the size at least of the Chaldean capital, for he gave orders to his commissioners to lay out a town in the proportion of two hundred acres for every ten thousand sold, in which the purchasers of five hundred acres were to have ten. The whole amount sold, having been nearly four hundred thousand acres, the city would have covered an area of eight thousand acres. It was soon perceived that a town in which some of the purchasers were entitled to 400 acres each, some to 200 acres, more to 100, and other large proportions, would never answer the end of a city in a new country, where from the numerous wants necessarily incident to first settlers in a wilderness, and especially of protection, trade, and society, a thick-settled neighbourhood was of the first consequence. Instead therefore of a town of twelve and a half square miles, which the original plan would have occupied, one of less than two square miles, or about twelve hundred acres was laid out—which was again contracted, and by charter of 1701, the city was declared to be bounded by the two rivers Delaware and Schuylkill, ('hidden river.')

William Penn's country-house was on the Delaware, at Pennsbury manor above Bristol, the frame of which had been sent out from England in the first fleet, but the building was not completed when he arrived.—Here he had a large hall of audience for the reception of the sovereigns of the soil, with whom nineteen treaties were held by him. His oaken arm chair is preserved in the Pennsylvania hospital.

The following particulars will be interesting to our geological readers:

The immediate substratum of Philadelphia is clay of various hues and degrees of tenacity, mixed with more or less sand or gravel. Underneath, at various depths, from twenty to nearly forty feet, and also on the opposite shore of New Jersey, are found a variety of vegetable remains, which evidently appear to have been left there by the retiring water. Hickory nuts were found a few years since in digging a well, upwards of thirty feet beneath the surface, and the trunk of a sycamore (buttonwood) tree was discovered in Seventh-street, near Mulberry-street, near forty feet below, imbedded in black mud, abounding with leaves and acorns. About 60 feet distance from that place, and nearly at the same depth, a bone was found; the stratum above was a tough potter's clay. In various

other parts of the city, and even at the distance of several miles in the country, similar discoveries have been made. Shark's teeth are occasionally dug up many feet below the surface, near Mount Holly. All these facts seem to prove the truth of the opinion first delivered by our countryman, Lewis Evans, that the site of Philadelphia formed part of the sea, whose coast was bounded by a reef of rocks*, some two, three, or six miles broad, rising generally a little higher than the adjoining land, and extending from New York, westwardly, by the falls of Delaware, Schuylkill, Susquehannah, Gunpowder, Patapsco, Potomack, Rappahannock, James River, and Roanoak, which was the ancient maritime boundary, and forms a regular curve. The clay and other soil which compose the borders of the rivers, descending from the upland, through this tract, are formed by the soil washed down with the floods, and mixed with the sand left by the sea. A few streams of water originally crossed part of the city plot; but these, in the course of improvement, have entirely disappeared. The depths of the walls are various in different parts of the city. In the vicinity of the river, water is found at the depth of ten or twelve feet. From the number of causes serving to contaminate the springs in all cities, the water may be reasonably supposed to be impure and of a disagreeable taste. In 1799, Mr. Hunter, apothecary, evaporated 220 gallons of water from a pump in Second, below Dock-street, and found it to contain the following ingredients: 12 oz. chalk, 32 oz. salt-petre, 17 oz. magnesia, 24 oz. common sea salt.'

We pass over the minute description of the plan of the city, the general construction of which must be sufficiently known to our readers. It consists of the original nine streets running east and west from Delaware to Schuylkill, and thirteen crossing the others nearly at right angles; most of them 50 feet broad, though High-street is one hundred, and Broad-street is one hundred and thirteen: the former are named, with the exception of High-street, from the native trees; the latter from their numeral order. 'In 1683,' Dr. Mease informs us, 'there were 80 houses.' These were increased in 1700 to 700: in 1749 to 2,076. In 4 years more, on an enumeration made by Dr. Franklin and eight other citizens of the first respectability, the number of dwelling houses had reached 2,300; the number of inhabitants being 14,563. In seven years more, 2,960 houses, 18,756 inhabitants. In 1769, the rapid progress of population brought the number to 4,474 houses, 28,042 inhabitants. In 1776, the number of dwelling houses was estimated at 5,460;—in 1783, 6,000;—in 1790, 6,651;—in 1801, 11,200;—in 1805, 13,461.

* They are formed of Cneiss, Micaceous, Schistus, and other primitive rocks.

The following table is subjoined by Dr. Mease, to shew the progressive population of the city and liberties, more particularly since the establishment of the federal government :

1790.	Free Whites.	Slaves.	Free Persons not taxed.	Total.
City	26,918	193	1,411	28,522
Northern Liberties	8,129	34	174	8,337
Southwark	5,421	29	211	5,661
Passyunk	833		52	884
Morgamensing	1,394		298	1,592
1800.				
City	36,955	55	4,210	44,220
Northern Liberties	16,010		960	10,970
Southwark	8,773		818	9,621
Passyunk	831		53	884
Morgamensing	1,294		298	1,592
1810.				
City	47,368	2*	6,352†	53,722
Northern Liberties	20,348		1,210	21,558
Southwark	12,327		1,380	13,707
Passyunk	968		24	992
Morgamensing	2,178		709	2,887
Penn‡	3,640		158	3,798

‘ The whole population of the city and country of Philadelphia, in 1810, was 111,210.’

Some interesting particulars are added, respecting the number of deaths ; the bills of mortality, the climate, and the health of the city as compared with that of New York, which we have not room to extract.

From the pages allotted to the ‘ Commerce’ of Philadelphia, we select the following account of the exports :

	Dollars.
In the year 1790, the total amount was	7,953,418
1796, it was	17,523,866
1809 Domestic produce	4,238,358
Foreign	4,810,883
	9,049,241
1810, Domestic	4,751,634
	6,241,768
	10,993,398

* This note refers us to the account of the Abolition Society.

† Robinson’s Directory for 1811, states the number of blacks at 9,607.

‡ Formerly part of Northern Liberties.

A similar diminution has taken place in the number of arrivals and clearances, both foreign and coasters. The Author adds,

‘ It was stated to Congress, in February last, by a master ship-builder, of Philadelphia, that there were then 9,145 tons of shipping on the stocks.’

‘ The commerce of Philadelphia has kept pace with the progress of the general prosperity of the state ; but in common with the whole union, has suffered a considerable diminution, by reason of the vexations from European nations, who, for some years past, have acted as if power gave right, and by the restrictive measures forced upon our government.’

Under the head of ‘ Manufactures,’ we are told, and the notification is made in capital letters, that ‘ earthen ware, yellow and red, and stone ware are extensively made : experiments shew, that ware equal to that of Staffordshire, might be manufactured, if workmen could be procured.’ Of their beer, he says, (and he may have some ground for the triumph which the nature of the case admits,)

‘ The quality of it is truly excellent : to say that it is equal to that of London, the usual standard for excellence, would undervalue it, because as it regards either wholesome qualities or palatableness, it is much superior ; no other ingredients entering into the composition than malt, hops, and pure water ; and yet to a foreign porter palate, accustomed to the impression left by the combination of the heterogeneous compound called English malt liquor, our home-brewed stuff will, no doubt, appear insipid. A fair experiment has shewn them, that even so far back as 1790, Philadelphia porter bore the warm climate of Calcutta, and came back uninjured. In 1807, orders were given by the merchants of Calcutta, after tasting some of it taken out as stores, for sixty hogsheads.’

The rascals ! no wonder their sailors give our Jack Tars so much trouble, since they have found out the way to make the true old English liquor. O that we could but persuade Mr. Madison to follow Mr. Pitt’s policy, and lay a tax upon malt and hops ! we should very soon have half the nation brought back to pure water, as we have been. Dr. Mease adds, in a note,

‘ It appears from British publications, that owing to the excessive duty upon hops and malt in England, very little of those articles are now used in the manufacture of beer, porter, and ale. The substitutes are tobacco, aloes, liquorice, quassia-root, and green vitriol !’

Pages 80 to 88 comprise the little information which is afforded us respecting ‘ the Press, its history, progress, and present state,’ the subject which comes more particularly within the sphere of our notice. The memoirs of Dr. Franklin had already

put us in possession of the most interesting circumstances connected with the first literary efforts of the infant city: in fact their interest principally arises from their relation to his character and history. We shall pass over, therefore, the dry and meagre details which are given of the various abortive or short-lived efforts made during many years to establish literary and political journals. Since the establishment of the federal government it seems that the increase of printing has been rapid.

‘ In 1786, four booksellers thought an edition of the New Testament, for schools, a work of risque, requiring much consultation previously to the determination of the measure: yet such was the rapid progress of things, that in 1790, one of the booksellers above referred to, thought it safe to risque the publication of the *Encyclopædia*, in eighteen quarto volumes, and even promised that it should be improved. When the first half volume was published, in 1790, he had but 246 subscribers, and could only procure two or three engravers. One thousand copies of the first volume were printed: two thousand of the second; and when he had completed the eighth, the subscription extended so far as to render it necessary to reprint the first. He then found difficulty in procuring printers for the work.

‘ The quarto Bible, set up by Matthew Carey, in Philadelphia, was the first standing Bible, of that size, in the world, and is, even now, the only one of separate types. These were cast by Binney and Ronaldson, of Philadelphia. Printing is now executed in a style equal to that of any country in Europe; and some specimens of truly superb work, as Barlow’s *Columbiad*, and Willson’s *Ornithology*, have been sent forth. The plates in Bradford and Inskeep’s edition of Rees’s *Cyclopædia*, now in progress, are much superior to those in the original English work; and the printing, fully equal thereto.

‘ The number of volumes printed in Philadelphia, annually, are calculated at 500,000. There are fifty-one printing offices, which have 153 presses. There are upwards of sixty engravers in Philadelphia, and twenty more would find constant employ.’

The following statement is given by Mr. Robinson, in his *Directory for 1811*. There are

‘ Eight daily papers, distributing upwards of 8,328 sheets; nine papers, once a week, that distribute 7,058 sheets; two, twice a week, distributing 1,992 sheets; two, three times a week, that distribute 1,920 sheets.’

Of these, two are German chronicles. Our readers may be curious to know the present state of periodical literature in Philadelphia; but we are sorry we can furnish them with the bare titles only of the various publications. There are, it appears, three monthly magazines: ‘ 1. *The Portfolio*, by Joseph Den-
nie:’ a miscellaneous work, which was at first a weekly sheet, and commenced in 1801. Price 6 cents. ‘ 2. *Mirror of Taste*

and Dramatic Censor.' 8 cents. And, 3. 'Select Reviews and Spirit of the Magazines. By E. Bronson and others,' 1809. 5 cents. There are four quarterly publications: 'The Medical Museum. By J. R. Coxe, M.D.' 'The Eclectic Repertory, and Analytical Review, Medical and Philosophical, by a Society of Physicians, 1810.'—'Archives of Useful Knowledge, devoted to commerce, manufactures, rural and domestic economy, agriculture, and the useful arts. By James Mease, M.D. and 'The American Review of History and Politics; and General Repository of Literature and State Papers. By Robert Walsh, Jun.' Of this last publication five numbers have been reprinted by Messrs. Longman, Hurst, and Co. in London. There is also 'The American Register,' published 'semi-annually' and two occasional 'Law Reports.'

We must pass over the account of the civic government, the Federal and law courts, banks, insurance offices, water works, mint, &c. of Philadelphia, as possessing little more than local or national interest, except the following particulars relative to the circuit court for the Pennsylvania district, which is generally held in Philadelphia.

'It is a court of original jurisdiction, in most of its duties: but it is appellate, in cases of appeals from the final decisions of the district court: and such appeals are decided by the judge of the supreme court alone. Errors in point of law are also subjects for the cognizance and review of this court, when legally brought up from the district court. It has criminal, admiralty, common law, and chancery jurisdiction. The two first are exclusive of the state jurisdiction. But the crimes whereof cognizance is here taken, must be only those committed against the laws of the United States, or the laws of nations. The parties in civil suits at common law, and in chancery, must be on one side or the other, either a foreigner, or a citizen of another state, adverse to each other. One citizen of this state, cannot, in this court, or the common law, or chancery sides, sue another citizen of the state, though either be associated with a foreigner, or a citizen of another state. One only of the parties must be a resident citizen of the state, in suits at common law, or in chancery, in which citizens, or a citizen, is, or are, a party or parties, in the cause.

'Appeals from, or exceptions to the decisions or directions of this court, in points of law, or in final decrees in admiralty or chancery cases, lie to the supreme court of the United States. *It seems settled, that the jury may take upon them to decide both the law and the fact, in criminal cases in this court, and in other courts of the United States.*

'It is a prominent feature in the federal jurisdiction, that the courts are tribunals for national and ex-territorial questions; as well as for individual controversies wherein foreigners, or citizens of other states than those in which suits are brought, are concerned. When suits are brought in state courts against foreigners, or citizens of other states, and especially where titles to lands held, are in question under

grants from different states, the causes may, in certain stages of them, be removed to a federal court.'

We should be happy to abstract for our readers the whole account of 'the jail and management of criminals.'—In this respect the penal code and institutions of the United States are confessedly superior, in moderation, humanity, and enlightened policy, to those of European nations, not excepting England herself, whose sanguinary code is a stain upon the vestal robe of Justice. The humane mind of Penn naturally revolted against it, and induced him immediately to attempt its amelioration.

'He abolished the ancient oppression of forfeitures for self murder and deodands in all cases of homicide. He saw the wickedness of exterminating, where it was possible to reform; and the folly of capital punishments, in a country, where he hoped to establish purity of morals and innocence of manners. As a philosopher, he wished to extend the empire of reason and humanity: and as a leader of a sect, he might recollect, that the infliction of death in cold blood, could hardly be justified by those who denied the lawfulness of war. He hastened, therefore, to prevent the operation of the system which the charter imposed, and among the first cares of his administration, was that of forming a small, concise, but complete code of criminal law, suited to the state of his new settlement. Murder, "wilful and pre-meditated," is the only crime for which the infliction of death is prescribed, and this is declared to be enacted in obedience "to the law of God," as though there had not been any political necessity even for this punishment. Yet even here the life of a citizen was guarded by a provision, that no man should be convicted, but upon the testimony of two witnesses; and by a humane practice, early introduced, of staying execution till the record of conviction had been laid before the executive, and full opportunity given to obtain a pardon of the offence, or a mitigation of the punishment. When transmitted to England, they were all repealed by the queen in council; but were immediately re-enacted, and they continued until the year 1718, (the epoch of Penn's death.)'†

The penal code of England was then revived, till at length in the year 1793 the punishment of death was finally abolished, except in the case of 'murder of the first degree.' The system which is now established in the management of the criminals, in connexion with the new code, is an honour to the city in which it was first successfully pursued, and presents highly interesting reflections to the philanthropist. The following are the principal points of improvement.

† Inquiry how far the punishment of death is necessary in Pennsylvania. By William Bradford, the Attorney General of Philadelphia, 1793.

1. *CLEANLINESS, so intimately connected with morality, is the first thing attended to, previously to any attempts at that internal purification, which it is the object of the discipline to effect. The criminal is washed, his clothes effectually purified and laid aside, and he is clothed in the peculiar habit of the jail, which consists of grey cloth, made by the prisoners, adapted to the season. The attention to this important point is unremitted, during their confinement. Their faces and hands are daily washed; they are shaved, and change their linen once a week; their hair is kept short; and during the summer, they bathe in a large tub. The apartments are swept and washed once or twice a week, as required, throughout the year.*

2. *Work suitable to the age and capacity of the convicts is assigned, and an account is opened with them. They are charged with their board, clothes, the fine imposed by the state, and expense of prosecution, and credited for their work: at the expiration of the time of servitude, half the amount of the sum, if any, left after deducting the charges, is required by law, to be paid to them. As the board is low, the labour constant, and the working hours greater than among mechanics, it is easy for the convicts to earn more than the amount of their expenses, so that when they go out, they receive a sum of money sufficient to enable them to pursue a trade, if so disposed, or at least, that will keep them from want, until they find employ, and prevent the necessity of stealing. On several occasions, the balance paid to a convict has amounted to more than one hundred dollars: in one instance it was one hundred and fifty dollars; and from ten to forty dollars are commonly paid. When, from the nature of the work at which the convict has been employed, or his weakness, his labour does not amount to more than the charges against him, and his place of residence is at a distance from Philadelphia, he is furnished with money sufficient to bear his expenses home.*

3. *The prisoners lie on the floor, on a blanket, and about thirty sleep in one room. They are strictly prohibited from keeping their clothes on at night. The hours for rising and retiring, are announced by a bell; and at those times they go out and come in, with the greatest regularity.*

4. *Their diet is wholesome, plain, and invigorating. For breakfast they have about three fourths of a pound of good bread, with molasses and water, (which has been found to be highly useful, as a refreshing draught, and as medicine.) At dinner, half a pound of bread and beef, a bowl of soup, and potatoes: sometimes herrings in the spring. At supper, corn-meal mash and molasses, and sometimes boiled rice. The blacks eat at a separate table. Spirituous liquors or beer never enter the walls of the prison.*

5. *The regularity of their lives, almost secures them against disease. A physician, however, is appointed to attend the prison, a room is appropriated for the reception of the sick, or hurt, and nurses to attend them. The effect of the new system has been seen, in no particular more evidently than in the diminution of disease among the convicts.*

6. *Religious instruction was one of the original remedies prescribed for the great moral disease; which the present penal system*

is calculated to cure. Divine Service is generally performed every Sunday in a large room, appropriated solely for the purpose.

' 7. Corporal punishments are strictly prohibited, whatever offences may have been committed. The solitary cells and low diet, have on all occasions been found amply sufficient to bring down the most determined spirit, to tame the most hardened villain, that ever entered them. Of the truth of this, there are striking cases on record. Some veterans in vice, with whom it was necessary to be severe, have declared their preference of death by the gallows, to a farther continuance in that tormenting solitude.

' There are fourteen inspectors, three of whom are elected by the select and common councils in joint meeting, in May and November; two by the commissioners of the Northern Liberties, and two by the commissioners of Southwark at the same time.'

The beneficial effects resulting from the adoption of this system, have been decidedly manifested. Some very interesting facts are brought forward by Dr. Mease as instances, which our limits will not admit of our inserting. We must very briefly advert to the remaining contents of the volume. Under the head of Religious Societies, no information of importance is given: There are in Philadelphia four episcopal churches; three meeting-houses belonging to the Society of friends, and one of free Quakers; one Swedish Lutheran church; four Baptist churches,—besides an African Baptist meeting-house; five Presbyterian, including that of the African Presbyterians; four Roman Catholic chapels, belonging to which it is computed there are fifteen thousand members in the city and suburbs; two German Lutheran churches; two of German Calvinists; a Moravian Church; four Methodist meeting-houses for whites, and two for blacks; besides a few meeting-houses belonging to other religious distinctions, the list of which is closed with Unitarians and Jews.

Under the head of 'Charitable Institutions,' are enumerated the Hospital, the Dispensary, the Humane Society, the 'Abolition Society,' the Society 'for alleviating the miseries of public prisons,' the Magdalen Society, together with private and endowed institutions, and associations for general charity; the Sunday School Society, the present income of which is 400, 50 cents; President, Right Rev. William White, D.D.;—the Society for the establishment and support of Charity Schools; &c. &c. We must not omit to notice, however, in the enumeration, several 'Schools for the education of Blacks.' In December 1808, a BIBLE SOCIETY was formed at Philadelphia, which had published three reports of its proceedings in 1811. Up to that period, it had distributed five thousand, four hundred and twenty-two Bibles and New Testaments. The Right Rev. William White, D. D. is the president. The account of

the University of Philadelphia, and of the other literary institutions, might have supplied some acceptable information to our readers ; but it is necessary to draw this article to a conclusion. It is probable that we shall have other opportunities of calling their attention to the literature of America. Similar works have, we understand, appeared under the titles of the '*Picture of New York*,' and '*the Picture of Boston*,' which, with the work before us, would supply us with a tolerably complete account of the present state of the literature and civil polity of the United States.—We are still more anxious, however, to obtain from some authentic source, an impartial view of the state of public morals and of religion, in a country where human nature is exhibited under circumstances so widely different from those which we have been accustomed to contemplate, as contributing to form the character of a people ; freed as they are alike from the restraints of national superstitions or a traditional faith, and the control of a religious establishment with what our Author terms a '*governmental creed*,' and temporal sanctions. The modification of Society which the American nation presents, is a phenomenon in every respect interesting to the political philosopher. All other nations have had their embryo state and their infancy, have been subjected to an educational process, exhibiting a gradual development of character analogous to that which takes place in the individual. '*The child is father to the man*;' our being seems, in its external form, to be rather successive than continuous ; and thus in respect to nations, before the age of cold speculation and worldly enterprise arrives, there has been elicited the fervour of youth,—the poetic enthusiasm which consecrates every hill and vale and stream of our native country, and peoples them with living associations which never lose their hold on the heart ;—the history of our ancestors has become a national memory, which every one appropriates to his own feelings, and though in the fondness thus induced for institutions reverend and picturesque, if we may so apply the term, from their antiquity, there may be mingled something that is evil, there is much that is beneficial, as it respects its influence on the general mass of society. When a nation has originated in conquest, there has usually taken place between the victors and the vanquished, a mutual assimilation, by which the poetry, the religion, the native habits and feelings of the vassal aborigines, have been transferred to their conquerors, and concurred to shape the character of the race thus produced by the union of both. Nothing of this kind, however, was possible with regard to the Americans : between the nation which the successive emigrations from Europe supplanted, and those more enlightened strangers, there were no

points of resemblance or contact, no latent affinities, no motives for uniting. It was not a warlike irruption that was made into the new world, but a gradual introduction of individuals; by the aggregation of whom a nation has been formed, without lineage, without literature, without history, assuming at once the full grown stature and mature strength of manhood, without the feelings, the principles, and the experience which manhood derives from youth. Hence they still retain in some essential respects, the features of a colony; their language is the growth of other climes; the mighty rivers, the impenetrable forests,—all the gigantic features of an American landscape, remind the present possessors of the soil, that they are occupying the place of a nation, whose rude minds were in unison with the scenery; that it was not made for them. The vast wilderness in which their fathers sought an asylum, was the home of the savage; and ages will scarcely suffice to reconcile with the unchanging aspect of nature, the uncongenial minds of this exotic race. The inhabitants of towns and cities, however, and especially those who are immersed in the engagements of commerce, soon become familiarized with the unaffecting objects which surround them, and lose whatever degree of distinguishing character they might once possess. We are, therefore, principally interested in inquiring, what, as simple matter of fact, is the degree of intelligence and religious principle now prevalent in that great class of society who inhabit the other hemisphere, and, dismissing all unnatural jealousies, we should rejoice to learn that the prospects of humanity are brighter there;—that the pure truths of the gospel are there more sincerely recognized, more implicitly obeyed, than among us;—that in the quiet sunshine of civil and religious freedom, the social virtues more readily expand than in less favoured countries: or if our inquiries should terminate in far less pleasing conclusions, and if we discover no room as Englishmen for envy, in relation to the actual results of their different circumstances, though we find some things that may well excite our emulation, we must not permit ourselves to indulge on that account less benevolent feelings towards that rival nation, nor with less earnestness to deprecate any causes, which may operate on either side, in prolonging an irritating and disgraceful contest.

ART. XV. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

** * Gentlemen and Publishers who have works in the press, will oblige the Conductors of the ECLECTIC REVIEW, by sending Information (post paid) of the subject, extent, and probable price of such works; which they may depend upon being communicated to the Public, if consistent with its plan.*

Dr. Spurzheim is preparing for the press his "Anatomical and Physiological examination of the Brain as indicative of the Faculties of the Mind." The work is the substance of Lectures lately delivered to a few of the nobility and some professional men, but which Dr. S. proposes to make public next winter. It will be published in royal 8vo. with plates.

The Rev. James Kidd, professor of Oriental languages in the University of Marischal College, Aberdeen, has nearly ready for the press, a work on the Trinity; the plan entirely new.

Mr. Nichol's History of Leicestershire will, in a few months, receive an appropriate completion, by elaborate Indexes compiled under his inspection.

The Rev. Thomas Vaughan, M. A. Vicar of St. Martins, and All Souls, Leicester, has in the press and proposes speedily to publish, some Account of the Life, Character, Ministry and Writings of the late Rev. Thomas Robinson, Rector of St. Mary's Leicester, to which are added some original Letters of the same.

The Rev. Johnson Grant, M. A. will shortly publish the second volume of the History of the English Church and Sects: amongst other interesting matters this volume will contain an account of the Sect who have adopted the delusion of Joanna Southcott.

The Rev. W. M. Butcher, M. A. Vicar of Rapsley, has in the press a Volume of Plain Discourses on the leading principles of Christianity, particularly adapted for Family reading.

On the 1st of September will be published, No. 40 of the Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain, completing

the 4th and last volume of that work: No. 2 of the Cathedral Antiquities, forming a continuation of the above work, will be published on the same day.

Sermons selected from the manuscripts of the late Rev. Samuel Palmer, of Hackney, are printing in an octavo volume.

The Codex Alexandrinus is about to be printed in fac-simile, by order of the House of Commons, at the public expense.

Mr. John D'Alton, of Dublin, will soon publish, in a quarto volume, Dermid, or Erin in the Days of Boru, a romance, in twelve cantos.

The Rev. William Bingley, already distinguished by his literary labours, has undertaken the History of Hampshire, and is pursuing it with assiduity.

Baron Daldorf has nearly ready for publication, in four volumes, Castle de Courcy, or the Vicissitudes of Revolutionary Commotion.

A lady has in the press, a work on the Theology and Mythology of the Heathens, in a duodecimo volume, with several plates.

The Exile, a Russian poem, written in England, and translated from the original MS. of the author, who fell in the battle before Dresden, will soon appear.

A new edition of a Defence of the Reformation, by the Rev. John Claude, edited by the Rev. John Townsend of Bermondsey, is expected to appear next month, in two octavo volumes.

An edition of Bishop Beveridge's Sermons is printing in octavo, and is intended to be published in monthly volumes.

Speedily will be published, in 8vo, elegantly printed, Repertorium Biblio-

graphicum: Some accounts of the most celebrated Public and Private Libraries, with Bibliographical Notices, Anecdotes of eminent Collectors, Booksellers, Printers, &c. &c. Embellished with Portraits of the late John Townley, Esq. Anthony Morris Storer, Esq. Rev. Dr. Gossett, &c. &c. and other plates. To which will be prefixed, a Dialogue in the Shades, between William Caxton, a modern Bibliomaniac, and the Author. By the late William Wynken, Clerk, a descendant of the illustrious Wynken de Worde.

Arthur of Little Britain, by Lord Berners. The subscribers for the reprint of this curious work (of which only 200 were printed, viz. 175 on post quarto, and 25 on royal) with the Plates illuminated, are respectfully informed, that their copies will be delivered according to the order of subscription, as fast as they are received from the colourers. The extreme care and peculiar talent which the execution of them requires, and the difficulty of finding artists competent to the task, are the causes which have occasioned and will occasion, a greater delay in the delivery than the publishers had at all calculated upon. The subscription price of the small paper illuminated copies is eight guineas in extra boards. Printed for White, Cochrane, and Co. Fleet-street.

In the Press, in a large volume, crown 8vo. The Poetical Register for 1810—1811, being the eighth volume of the work. This volume includes more than three hundred original and fugitive Poems, nearly one half of which are original, and above two hundred criticisms upon poetical and dramatic productions, published during 1810 and 1811.

* * * The Editor requests that communications for the ninth volume may be addressed to him as early as possible at Messrs. Rivingtons.

In the Press—1. The Noble Hystories of Kyng Arthur and of certeyn of his Knyghtes. A Reprint of the Morte D'Arthur.

* * * The text of this edition will be a faithful transcript from the Wynken de Worde Edition, in the possession of Earl Spencer, with an introduction and notes, tending to elucidate the history and bibliography of the work; as well as the fictions of the Round Table Chivalry in general. By John Louis

Goldsmid. The impression will be strictly limited to 250 on Post 4to, and 50 large Paper; and as a considerable portion of the impression is already subscribed for, it is requested that those who wish to obtain copies, will favour the Publishers with their names as early as possible. When it is considered that the first two editions of this Book are totally unattainable, that the third printed by Copland, and the fourth by East, may be classed among the scarcest productions of British Typography, and that even the wretched and mutilated quarto of 1634 is of rare occurrence and considerable pecuniary value, the Editor feels confident that the present republication will be received as a Desideratum by the admirers of our ancient English Literature.

2. The Poems of Thomas Stanley, Esq. Reprinted from the original edition, which is now exceedingly rare. Only 150 printed in foolscap 8vo. to correspond with Raleigh's Poems. Also Translations from Anacreon, Bion, Moschus, &c. By the same Author, from the edition of 1651.

3. The Poetical Exercises at Vacant Houres of James the Sixth, King of Scotland. Edited by R. P. Gillies, Esq. To be printed in small quarto, and the number to be limited to 150, of which 120 are already subscribed for.

4. The following works of George Wither, each printed in a duodecimo volume: 1. Fidelity. Reprinted from the Edition of 1633. 2. Faire Virtue, the Mistress of Philarete. Reprinted from the Edition of 1633. 3. Abuses Stript and Whipt. (Satires.) 4. Hymns and Songs of the Church. 5. The Psalms of David. Prefaces will be given to each of these publications; and the impression limited to 100 Copies.

Speedily will be published, elegantly printed in 8vo. Price 18s. in boards, a new Edition, with some additions never before published, of The English Works of Roger Ascham, Preceptor to Queen Elizabeth: containing, I. Report and Discourse of the Affairs and State of Germany, and the Emperor Charles his Court. II. Toxophilus, or the School of Shooting, with the original Dedication to King Henry VIII. III. The Schoolmaster. IV. Dedication to Queen Elizabeth of

(a Work which he appears to have meditated, but never published) the lives of Saul and David; now first printed from the original MS. in the Publisher's Possession. V. Familiar Letters. To which will be prefixed the life of the author by Dr. Johnson, with notes by Dr. Campbell, &c. The impression will be strictly limited to 250 copies. Gentlemen desirous of possessing this edition will have the goodness to transmit their names without delay. The price of such copies as remain unsold after the publication will be advanced.

Subscriptions for the following German periodical publications are received by Mr. Boosey, Broad-street, as well as for all other Journals, &c. published in Germany.

Annalen de Physik (Neue Folge) herausgegeben von L. W. Gilbert, mit Kupfern, per Annum. . . . 2 2 0

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Art. XVI. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

ANTIQUITIES.

The third and concluding Volume of the History and Antiquities of the County of Surrey; compiled from the best and most authentic Historians, valuable Records, and Manuscripts in the Public Offices and Libraries, and in private hands. Begun by the late Rev. Owen Manning, S. T. B. &c. Enlarged and continued to the Year 1814, by William Bray, of Shire, in that county, Esq. Fellow and Treasurer of the Society of Antiquaries of London. Illustrated by a Map of the

county, and thirty-seven Engravings, folio 5l. 5s. bds. royal paper 8l. 8s.

††† Not more than 10 copies complete, and these on small paper, are now in the Publishers' Hands for Sale: The Price of these is Fifteen Guineas for the three volumes in boards. Subscribers who have not yet taken up their copies of the second volume (published in 1810) are requested to do so immediately, in order to prevent disappointments. The volume now published was not included in the original subscription.

Of Nichols, Son, and Bentley, may be had, price 4l. 4s. Views and Portraits (96 in Number) to illustrate the History of Surrey.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

An Introduction to the Study of Bibliography; comprising a general view of the different subjects connected with Bibliography, as well as some account of the most celebrated Public Libraries, ancient and modern; and also a notice of the principal works on the Knowledge of Books; numerous specimens of early printing, together with fac-similes of the books of images, and the Monograms or Marks used by the first printers; illustrated by numerous engravings on wood, &c. By Thomas Hartwell Horne. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 8s. bds.

CONCHOLOGY.

Number IV, price 5s. to be continued monthly, of A General Description of Shells, arranged according to the Linnean System. By William Wood, F.R.S. & L.S. &c. Each number contains sixteen full pages of letter-press, and five plates, accurately drawn and coloured from nature, with several specimens on each plate, many of them of rare and non-descript species.

A few copies are printed upon a larger paper, for the convenience of marginal illustration, price 7s. each number.

EDUCATION.

The Traveller in Africa: containing some account of the Antiquities, Natural Curiosities, and Inhabitants, of such parts of that Continent and its Islands, as have been most explored by Europeans. The Route traced on a Map, for the entertainment and instruction of young persons. By Priscilla Wakefield, 12mo. 5s. 6d. boards.

Animated Nature; or, Elements of the Natural History of Animals; illustrated by short Histories and Anecdotes, and intended to afford a Popular View of the Linnean System of Arrangement. For the Use of Schools. Embellished with engravings. By the Rev. W. Bingley, A. M. Fellow of the Linnean Society, 12mo. 6s. boards.

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HISTORY.

The History and Antiquities of Dissenting Churches and Meeting-houses, in London, Westminster and Southwark. By Walter Wilson, Vol. IV. 15s. boards.

The History of Rome, by Titus Livius. Translated from the Original, with Notes and Illustrations. By George Baker, A. M. A new Edition, 6 vols. 8vo. 3l. 3s. boards.

The History of France, from the accession of Henry the Third, in 1574, to the Death of Henry the Fourth, in 1610; preceded by a View of the Civil, Military, and Political State of Europe, between the Middle and Close of the Sixteenth Century; and followed by a view of the State of Europe at the accession of Louis the Thirteenth. By Sir N. William Wraxall, Bart. A new Edition, 6 vols. 8vo. 3l. 12s. boards.

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